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THE ACTOR'S LESSON.

THE most admired and idolized of all French living actors is Frédérick Lemaitre, often spoken of affectionately as plain Frédérick. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, even the strangest absurdities and incongruities; witness his performance of Père Gachette at the Folies-Dramatiques, in 1867. Such a drama would never enter your head—such a promising glut of crimes and corpses. It was a posthumous piece which would never have been played had its author, Paulin Deslandes, still survived; but there was his family to be assisted, and certainly it would have been a pity to lose one of Frédérick's most striking creations. Paulin Deslandes was a man of talent who, in the popular drama, more than once touched the right note. This "Père Gachette" was found in his drawer, and they determined to act it. They polished it up, remodeled the frame-work, and, in short, tried to render it passable, presentable—no very easy task. Luckily, a great actor was at their disposal, Frédérick Lemaitre, who weathered the storm. A man of genius, like him, fixes all our attention upon himself, and causes his surroundings to be forgotten. Frédérick is the soul of this crazy drama. In his hands impossibilities become probable, absurdities superb, and the ridiculous story haunts and worries you like an actual occurrence.

The great power of Frédérick lies in his continual and conscientious truthfulness—truth in his passion, truth both in his comic and his grander scenes. There is not one of those striking gestures, which surprise you by their emphasis, which has not been studied and copied from nature. He is a dramatic genius born, not full armed, like Minerva, from Jupiter's brain, but who has armed himself, little by little, with all the feverish sorrows in his own experience, and the dramas of real life that have fallen in his way. His only professor has been, in fact, life. His conservatoire is the street or the saloon, any place where the collisions of love and hate cause passion to flash out like lightning. It is said that one day Lafontaine, who had been playing with great success, called on the old hero and begged his counsels.

"What counsels would you have me give you?" Frédérick asked. "The first person you happen to meet, if joyful or sad, and provided he manifest his sorrow or his joy, will give you more valuable hints than mine."

"Nevertheless—"

"We artists find only one true teacher, and this is our own proper heart. 'Come," continued Frédérick, "you wish me to give you a lesson. So be it; you shall have your lesson. Very well. You are returning home in good spirits, satisfied with every thing, after a pleasant evening, a dinner with friends—never mind what. You mount the staircase, smiling, before you see her, at your wife, who is awaiting you with open arms, and ready to give the usual kiss. You open the door and enter; your wife is not there. You look about you, and find, on a table, a letter, in which she tells you that she has left you, that she will never return, and that it is useless to search after her retreat. Here is a situation. How will you render it? Try it. I am all attention."

Frédérick Lemaitre, quietly seated on his chair, regarded M. Lafontaine, who hesitated a little, feeling nervous in the great artist's presence. Perhaps he was also taken by surprise. Abrupt modes of teaching, like this, are unknown in the schools of declamation, where the professor lays the principal stress on the accent and the diction, implanting in his pupils a uniform mode of speech, which, in the end, becomes fatiguing to the hearer, and busying himself with the gesture rather than the soul—with the style of walking more than the intensity of feeling. Lions only, like Frédérick, take the bull by the horns, or rather pin him by the nostrils.

Frédérick Lemaitre rose from his seat. "Look," he said to Lafontaine, "how I should do it!"

And then, as if in the course of conversation, with his hands in his pockets, and without any of the resources of the theatre, he acted before wondering Lafontaine one of the most astounding scenes it is possible to witness. At first he was the happy, confiding husband, stepping up stairs, humming a song. With a commonplace open countenance, and a half silly smile, he opens the door, draws a deep breath, rubs his hands. He is at home. He looks about him. Where is his wife? She has not sat up for him. Very extraordinary. Is she ill? Note that Frédérick did not utter a single word; all this was expressed by his unaided pantomime. He goes to the bed. Nobody! Has she gone out? He sits down; he will wait for her. He takes up a newspaper to while away the time.

But what is that letter on the side-table in the corner? A letter; and a letter from her! Why should she write? What need can she have to write? The husband changes countenance. He guesses some misfortune.

GRANDMAMMA.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 274.]

Yes; there is misfortune in that letter. He takes it, turns it about, dares not open it. He reads it, and falls in a fainting fit.

"These, my good friend, are the only counsels I can give you," said Frédérick, rising. "Lay your hand on your heart, and listen to its beatings."

GRANDMAMMA.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

Ay! 'twas very long ago,
That my grandmamma sat so
By the oriel that dreary morning with her head half turned to see,
Where across the oaken floor
Of the sunlit corridor
Came a visitor, unconscious, singing with a boyish glee.

That was grandpapa who came;
She had only heard his name,
He had her face commended, but had seen it not till then;
She was glowing with her ride,
He was blushing, half in pride,
Angry with himself for feeling shyest of all bashful men.

It was very long ago,
Yet I like to hear it so—
How they met that bright May morning in a summer long passed by.
Were her eyes not sunny brown?
Frank, when you come next to town,
I will show you grandpapa, they've his portrait—such a brow, and such an eye!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 30, 1870.

THE REAL ENEMY.

The late Convention in Albany to protest against any sectarian use of the State funds shows how deep the interest is, and how sensitive is the public mind upon the subject. There is, however, a great deal of cross-firing in the skirmish. The disposition to assault the Roman Catholics as such, for instance, is an illustration of the cross-firing. The question is not in the least theological; it is exclusively political. It is not whether Roman Catholics are more or less Christians than other sects; nor whether they have persecuted more or less than others; nor whether the theory of the Roman Catholic Church is not essentially hostile to the American political system; but simply and only whether Church and State shall be kept absolutely independent of each other. If the debate should degenerate into a squabble between sects, the Roman Catholics will be quite able to give blows, as well as to take them. American citizens may hold to what religious faith they will, and the Government will defend their equal rights with all others. But American citizens who, in the interest of a sect, attack one of the fundamental principles of the Government, must be met and exposed at the beginning of their enterprise.

It is this attack which is made by the demand for the sectarian division of the public money. And the plea upon which it was first urged is not valid. It was said by the Roman Catholic clergy that the schools as conducted were sectarian, and that it was plainly unfair to tax for sectarian schools. They therefore demanded a division of the public school money in proportion to the number of each sect. Now if what they alleged were true, the remedy proposed was absurd. What was needed was not to destroy a vital principle of our polity, but to correct the abuse. If any public school was sectarian it violated the cardinal condition of the school system, and the necessary measure was obvious. It was simply to remove the cause of just complaint, not to abolish the system.

The plea by which the Roman clergy sought to sustain their charge was that the Bible, as read in some of the schools, was, in their view, a sectarian book. Of course it is no answer to the plea for other sects, who may be numerically in the majority, to reply that they don't think so. We must remember that to the American citizen who is a Jew Christianity itself is a mere sect, and the Jews have precisely the same rights as the rest of us. Ours is not a Protestant Christian government: as a government it supports no religion, but equally protects the supporters of all religions. The Jew, the Mohammedan, the man who professes a general unbelief—so long as they all keep the peace and violate no law—stand in the regard of the government side by side with Universalists, Romanists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Baptists, and the members of all other sects. The Jew, for instance, does not believe that the New Testament is a divinely-inspired book. Can the majority rightfully compel him to support schools in which, under pretense of secular instruction, this book is read to his children as of supernatural authority? Is this a point upon which the will of the mere majority ought to prevail?

If we establish secular schools, to be supported by a general tax, for the benefit of all, by what right do we obtrude into them the religious views of the majority? In every little village in the country there are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists. Let us suppose that they agree to pay for a school for the secular instruction of all their children. But the Baptists are two to one in numbers. May they therefore introduce the reading of Baptist books as part of the system of instruction? Will not the Methodists very properly say, "If Baptist books are to be read on Monday, we insist that Methodist books shall be read on Tuesday, or we will withdraw from the agreement?" And is not the only rightful solution of the difficulty to resolve that the school is not intended to teach Baptist or Methodist views, and therefore no such books shall be read?

But when the good sense of the country met the plea of the Roman clergy by this simple statement of the case, the clergy immediately showed that their outcry against the Bible was a pretense only, by declaring that the removal of the Bible would not satisfy them. Their real objection was of another kind. "A Catholic Priest" wrote to the Boston *Advertiser* last November: "Catholics would not be satisfied with the public schools even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious teaching were banished from them;" and he proceeded to say that Protestants ought to have their schools and Catholics theirs. The Rev. Thomas Preston, in his discourse upon the question, says: "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the common schools satisfactory to us; for this alone would not make them non-sectarian......No schools will satisfy us but those in which we can teach our religion." Thus the point of the Roman Catholic assault is not the Bible in the schools, but the fact that the schools do not teach religion. And the question, therefore, is, shall the public schools teach religion?

Manifestly that is impossible, because the next question is, what religion? And to that there will be as many answers as there are sects. To demand it, therefore, is to demand, as the Roman priesthood does demand, that the school money be divided among the sects, and the American common school system be abandoned. Now the State supports schools as a part of its police, and for no other reason. It leaves religious instruction to the parent, to the Church, and to the Sunday-school. To allege that the public school is "irreligious" because it does not directly teach the religious tenets of some sect—the Roman Catholic, for instance—is as laughable as to say that a public gymnasium or a public bath is irreligious. The object of the gymnasium is muscular exercise, and that of the bath cleanliness, just as that of the public school is elementary secular instruction, and that of a Sunday-school religious instruction. To abandon our present school system in order to ally Church with State by a sectarian division of the public money is to invite the fury of religious rancor and the contest of sectarian hate in a country which owes very much of its prosperity and intelligence to the rigorous separation of the two. Let each sect, with its own influence and its own money, do what it lawfully chooses; but let all sects sternly insist that the State shall be non-sectarian.

CONSTITUTIONAL CÆSARISM.

If a man has made up his mind that Louis Napoleon is Satan, he will have a very simple key to French politics. Or if, on the other hand, he really believes that the French people intelligently and spontaneously elected Louis Napoleon Emperor, he will upon that readily explain all political events in France. The facts in the mean while seem to show that Napoleon is a man who came unscrupulously to an imperial throne, and whose word can not, of itself and unsustained by circumstances, be safely trusted.

But it is very clear that, after a trial of eighteen years, he is convinced that the Empire, as he conceived and has sought to practice it—an old-fashioned empire—is wholly impracticable. It is a candle after daybreak, neither beautiful nor useful. He has recently decided, therefore, to save as much of an empire and of the imperial chances of his heirs as possible. To do this he must, of course, introduce a constitutional form. But to expect him to establish a Republic, in which he might not even be nominated for constable, is hardly sagacious.

Louis Napoleon is undoubtedly just as selfish, just as unscrupulous, and just as unveracious as ever. But his good faith in the measures he has recently proposed may be trusted, because obviously they are for his interest. Discontent in France is chronic, and certainly not unnatural. The glamour of the Empire has vanished. But sensible Frenchmen know and Louis Napoleon knows that a revolution is a movement of very uncertain issue. Such Frenchmen are loth to appeal to it. But they are aware of the discontent, and so is he. He, therefore, proposes a compromise to retain their support and his own throne. This is the significance of his recent proposition. It is a liberal change of the Constitution. It makes the fundamental law accord still more with the forms of freer governments. Under the recent system the Senate was the ruling power in the Legislature, and the Emperor controlled the Senate. But he now proposes that the Lower House, to be elected by universal suffrage, shall originate laws and taxes; and the power of the Senate over the Lower House and the Constitution is abolished. The ministry is responsible, although the same section which declares this vaguely states that they depend solely upon the Emperor.

So far this is like other constitutional monarchical governments. But now comes the extraordinary provision which leaves the Emperor an indefinable power. "The Constitution can only be modified by the people on the proposition of the Emperor." This right of appeal is unconditional. The Emperor may propose the abolition of the Legislature and a return to absolute personal government, and his Ministers and the Legislature must be silent. But if it is not likely that he would make, nor that the people would sustain, such a proposition, yet amendment of the Constitution is impossible except by his will. The Empire is made permanent until the Emperor proposes its dissolution, or until a revolution overthrows it. The wisest heads in France may see the vital necessity of constitutional change. They may persuade the country; but until they can persuade the Emperor, the change can not be lawfully made. This is a vague and immense peril. In this country, if we had a similar provision, we might assume that the President, elected by a party, would propose to the country any amendment that the party thought desirable. But the Emperor is not elected. He is hereditary. He is for life, and he is amenable to no one.

Under the ordinary constitutional form a popular government is practicable even in a monarchy. If, for instance, there were as general a suffrage in England as there is in this country, the popular will would be felt more immediately than it is here. But a Constitution which is changeable only upon the proposition of the sovereign, is not a popular Constitution, and progress is possible under it only as fast and as far as he chooses. This was well enough when the system was that of personal government, as it has been since the *coup d'état*. But it can not be satisfactory to intelligent Frenchmen who do not wish revolution, but who do wish that the lawful steps of political progress shall not depend upon the whim of an Emperor.

The election of representatives to initiate laws and to lay the taxes, a ministry responsible to the majority of the Legislature, and the abolition of the power of the Senate—the creature of the Emperor—over the Lower House and the Constitution, are all great gains. But here the divergence begins. The Emperor considers himself. The opposition consider the people. The Emperor says: "I will change the Constitution as my conception of my own necessities and interest dictates." The opposition says: "The people should have the power to change the fundamental law whenever their welfare requires." If the Emperor should concede this, the people might require him to retire to-morrow. But until he concedes this he is not, in the ordinary sense, a Constitutional Emperor.

REPEAL OF THE TAX ON STATE BANK CIRCULATION.

There is a combined effort on foot to repeal the tax imposed by the General Government which has not only operated to destroy the vicious circulation of the old State bank system, but to give us one in its place of improved if not of uniform credit. The change should be firmly resisted by Congress and the people.

The right to impose this tax assumes the supremacy of the General Government in providing a circulating medium. Although the States exercised this power for many years, recent events have shown that it was a clear violation of fundamental principles.

At the outset of the recent war the alternative presented to the nation was this: whether to rely on the State banks in the multitudinous financial operations that grew out of the contest, or to devise a national system. After the suspension of the banks on the 31st December, 1861, they undoubtedly aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government. The Subtreasury act prevented any arrangement of this character without the action of Congress, but a proposition to repeal the Sub-treasury act and devolve the duties of a fiscal agent upon the banks was made at the time under imposing auspices. The arrangement would have involved the use by the Government of the irredeemable currency of State banks, largely augmented in volume to meet a vast expenditure. The institutions which aimed at occupying this confidential position were in no degree responsible to the Government for their action, but were created by States not all of them harmonious with the principal object, and in many of them there were directors who were quite willing to interpose obstructions. The banks were under no obligations to accept the duty; and if accepted and neglected they could be reached by no process whatever, as it was foreign to the objects for which they had been created. Even if this duty had been imposed upon them by State laws, their refusal to perform it could be punished only by the slow process of legal proceedings.

The motives presented to the Treasury for an alliance with these institutions were these: that the war was on foot; that all the gold and silver which they could raise had been loaned; that it was dangerous in the face of the enemy to establish a new system; and that, as they were in operation, the increase of their irredeemable issues, would create less of a shock than either to create national banks, which were to start on the same unsound basis, or to rely on Treasury notes.

The emergency was appalling, but the Government had the wisdom to decide that there were no features in the organization of State banks which permitted this connection. It would have been as reasonable to commit important national duties connected with commerce or the coinage to them, as to have devolved upon them this control over the circulating medium. The next step to follow such a measure would have been to make their bills a legal tender. In any event it would have amounted to a surrender of an important national power into the control of the States.

Perhaps no greater proof of the impolicy of creating State banks could be afforded than results from their inadequacy in time of war to meet the necessities of the condition. Although those of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston loaned freely at the beginning of hostilities, yet it became manifest as hostilities advanced that their character was anomalous, and that if we were to have a paper system, another and a different one was required. The obligation to rely on the State banks was very much like that imposed by the articles of Confederation, which compelled the Government to call upon the States for quotas of men and money.

In the distribution of power between the States and the General Government complete control over commerce and the coinage was devolved upon the United States. As money is an important instrument of commerce, its regulation is of national concern; but there was a constant tendency to transfer this power over to the States, as a part of the policy of State rights. So far did this extend that the right to create a national bank was denied, and the authority to create banks was practically surrendered to the States. This was, in truth, a surrender of one of the attributes of sovereignty.

The prohibition in the National Constitution upon the States, forbidding them to issue bills of credit, or to make any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts—prohibitions not extended to the General Government—show that the States were neither to issue nor to authorize the issue of paper-money. The power to make the bills a tender in great emergencies must appertain to the paper system, and as the States were stripped of it, it is not to be supposed that any power of regulation was intended to be conferred on them.

These institutions have been held to be constitutional on the ground that they were incorporated by the States to exercise private rights, and that their bills were not issued on the basis of State credit, but only of corporate credit. The mischief intended to be remedied was the universal circulation of paper-money, and this mischief was in full operation when the Government, in 1861, was brought face to face with the dilemma of a paper circulation over the whole Union, as to which it had surrendered its control.

In the light derived from recent events it can scarcely be supposed that the right to issue circulating notes free of tax, or under any circumstances, will be conceded to the States, and especially as the Supreme Court of the United States has sustained the power to impose such tax.

It is to be regarded as fortunate that the same influences which operated upon the mind of the Chief Justice to retrace the path of clearly expressed opinion in favor of the Legal-Tender act, had no effect upon the kindred measure in question. The two subjects—restriction upon State circulation, and against the States making paper a tender—are linked together in the Constitution, and from present appearances—the legal-tender decision having been opened—there is likely to be the same harmony in the decisions of the Court that exists in constitutional provisions.

A POLITICAL CALM.

With the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment there is a striking lull in the interest of general politics. The Georgia debate in the Senate has been interminable, and to most persons incomprehensible; and it yet remains to be explained upon what ground Senators justify long speeches addressed to the empty chairs of their colleagues. They can not even plead that they are meant for Buncombe, for Buncombe does not read them. They are printed, indeed, in the *Globe*, and editors are supposed to read that paper. But editors are human, and they discriminate. It is, therefore, fair to say that the speeches upon the Georgia question, which have occupied precious days of the Senate, have been heard by nobody and read by nobody. The languor of public interest in the Congressional debates was never more remarkable. In the House the tariff discussion, confined to the details of taxation, has been really very im-

portant, but prodigiously uninteresting. It is felt to be no contest of principle, but a sharp fight of special interests. Indeed, the chief political excitement has been in the New York Legislature, and in that "honest" body the victory of the Ring has been so complete and amazing that there is no longer any sign of war.

If parties were wholly arbitrary organizations, or if they were formed merely to accomplish certain results, they would disappear when those results were attained. If the Republican party had been only a union for the overthrow of the ascendency of slavery in the national policy, the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment would be the signal of its dissolution. But as the Democratic party, which for a generation was merely a conspiracy to perpetuate and extend slavery, survives the extinction of slavery, so does the Republican party. Total defeat does not end the one, nor absolute victory the other. They each continue as representatives and organs of a certain general tendency in our political development. A hearty faith in the great principles of popular government, a generous hospitality toward new views and constant progress, a practical perception of the close relation between morals and politics, a deep conviction of the vital necessity of intelligence to a true republic, will generally lead a man to act with the Republican party, and the policy of that party upon any specific question that may arise will naturally be determined by the same characteristics.

Upon such immediate topics of public discussion as the general financial policy and the tariff, neither of the great parties is harmonious within its own ranks. There are tariff Democrats and free-trade Republicans; and neither party, as a party, is directly committed to protection or to free trade. Meanwhile, the financial measures of the Secretary of the Treasury are severely criticised by many Republicans, while the Democrats have no other policy than incessant vociferation that the Republicans caused the heavy taxation, and that taxes ought to be reduced. Upon the foreign policy there is the same disagreement upon all sides. The Administration, during the Cuban troubles, has faithfully enforced the laws of 1818, while Administration Senators and journals have virtually condemned its position, and Democratic journals have sustained its action. Upon the *Alabama* question little has been recently said. The Republicans are, however, generally united upon the truth of the statement made in Parliament by Mr. COBDEN, in May, 1864, that England carried on war from her shores with the United States, violated international law, and flagrantly disregarded her neutral duties. The Democrats would take still higher ground upon the same side, if necessary to conciliate the "Irish vote" in the Presidential election.

But in the political lull of which we speak there is no doubt of a very general and profound confidence in the sagacity and integrity of the Administration. It has had as little respect for the celebrated constituency of Buncombe as any administration that we can recall. If the St. Domingo crotchet were out of the way, and a few appointments had been different, there could be nothing left but praise for the general conduct of affairs. It is a quiet, steady, working Administration, which is precisely what the exigency following the war demands. In view of what the Democratic party offered at the election, the general situation of the country is such as to occasion the sincerest satisfaction and congratulation. The Union is about being fully restored, and with its restoration political distinctions of class have ceased. If the great party to which this inestimable consummation is due is as wise as it is powerful, its power will indefinitely endure.

THE END OF LOPEZ.

THERE seems to be little doubt that LOPEZ is killed, and his death will of course end the war in Paraguay. Under his absolute despotism Paraguay was but a plantation, and the master being dead, by common consent the struggle is over. This fact alone should be enough to show those who have insisted upon describing Paraguay as a republic how entirely mistaken they are. LOPEZ was an absolute dictator. The country was left to him by his father, who took possession of it upon the death of his uncle, Dr. FRANCIA. The Paraguayans or Guarani Indians are as capable of conceiving and maintaining a republic as Hottentots or Egyptians, but no more so; and nothing can be more absurd than to represent the tenacity with which they have fought as an intelligent and devoted patriotism. It is impossible to read the interesting articles which General M'MAHON, the late Minister to Paraguay, has contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, without seeing that Mr. SARMIENTO told the simple truth when he said that the Indian inhabitants of Paraguay "consider themselves the property of the LOPEZ family, and fight for them because these chiefs fight against the white men whom they hate, and of whose characters and civilized practices they know only what this LOPEZ family has allowed to enter the precincts of the country."

The death of LOPEZ opens Paraguay to the trade of the world and the chances of civilization. There is a provisional government at Assumption, the capital, friendly to the successful alliance; and the alliance by the treaty of the 1st of May, 1865, has bound itself to respect "the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity" of the country. To those who deplore what they call the overthrow of a republic by a slaveholding empire, let it be a consolation that the government of Paraguay was not a republic, but a more absolute despotism than that of Brazil, while slavery existed in Paraguay exactly as it does in Brazil. If there had been more regard for things than for the name of things there would never have been any impression in the United States that the rule of LOPEZ was a republican form of government. It is happily ended, and the name of the dictator will hardly be honored among the great names of republicans or of patriots. He was a proprietor upon an immense scale who tried to appropriate his neighbor's property, and has lost his own with his life. And his loss is the gain of the people whom he ruled and of the world which he defied.

THE LATEST WORD ABOUT THE "ALABAMA."

THE last contribution to the literature of the *Alabama* question is an edition of Mr. SUMNER'S speech, with which he has no connection beyond furnishing a corrected copy. This is prefaced with a very brief and forcible introduction by the editor of the pamphlet, and is followed by a letter written in March, 1863, to their London correspondents, by a Boston house, sufferers by the *Alabama*, an address by an American merchant to some English members of the Society of Friends during the rebellion, urging them to do what they could against the fitting out of rebel cruisers in England, and the speeches of Mr. COBDEN and of Mr. THOMAS BARING warning England of the dangerous precedents she was making. The pamphlet is handsomely printed, and is intended for English circulation, and to affect English opinion. In the editor's judgment it is of the utmost importance to England that the question be settled; and he believes that Mr. SUMNER'S speech is the best contribution toward a good understanding that has yet been made, and that he demands nothing which is not for the honor and interest of England and of the civilized world. He therefore hopes that the pamphlet will tend to renew the discussion.

A careful reader of the pamphlet, however, who does not believe that so grave a question can be speedily settled without war, writes as follows, and his classification of English opinion is well worth attention:

"This pamphlet is, as I learn, intended for circulation both in England and here, for the purpose of raising a new discussion in the public prints on the pending questions with England, and hastening, if possible, the solution of them.

"The writer of the introduction thinks that a more general and careful reading of Mr. SUMNER'S whole speech in the Senate, and that which he subsequently made at Worcester, which is also included in the pamphlet, may tend to produce this result, and gives his reasons for so thinking; which reasons do not, however, appear to me conclusive.

"I agree with him and with Mr. SUMNER in the opinions they express of the conduct of the English Government and ruling classes morally considered, and I think Mr. SUMNER'S speech a very able one up to the point where he begins to discuss 'the extent of our losses.' He then gets upon dangerous ground, and does not tread discreetly; nor is the apology for him that 'a lawyer in drawing up his indictment, or a diplomatist in stating his claims, naturally presents his case in all its possible magnitude,' a valid one. He was speaking neither as lawyer nor as diplomatist, but as Senator, and his words were liable to be interpreted as those of the Senate of the United States, and, in fact, were so considered and replied to. If we had been pushing the case before referees his remarks might have passed, but would have been even then impolitic, I think. So long as he described the conduct of the English he was admirable. Nobody but one of those very Englishmen who took an active part in committing the wrong could state it better than Mr. SUMNER does. But it is worthy of notice that none of the English writers took the pains to make any reply to that part of his speech. They ignored the moral question, and fastened upon his supposed claims to stir up the ire and obstinacy of John Bull. As I understand the matter, the English nation may be divided, with reference to this question, into four classes.

"1st. The Government—whose members understand perfectly the moral stain upon England, but do not see how they can wipe it out, and are too proud to acknowledge it. They understand still better the political and commercial difficulties of their position—better, no doubt, than we do—and are very desirous to get it changed and the wounds all healed over; but to do this they must first stroke down John Bull, and get him into complaisant mood.

"2d. The slashing newspaper and magazine writers—a small but dangerous class, with much talent for the management of that headstrong animal John Bull, and much hatred for the great and growing Democracy. This class knows all about the question, and could state our grievances better than we could, but is not clearly in favor of preserving peace. There are no doubt various opinions among these writers, but many, I fancy, fear our example more than our arms. They think England could damage us enough to retard the invasion of our ideas for a season at least. These men are the ones to be managed on both sides of the water, because they exert an immense influence over the stupid pugnacious third class.

"3d. John Bull proper—viz., the men who believe in the *Times*, the Bank of England, the navy of England, and perhaps the Church of England. With J. B. it is vain to reason, especially for a foreigner to do so. Class No. 2 makes him believe things, and feel angry or placid by working upon his peculiar nature, but never by reasonings based upon any broad principle. Any thing which can be construed into a threat by the writers is sure to blind and enrage him. The bull, when the red flag is held up, plunges at the matador regardless of his sword and his skill.

"4th. The working-class, not yet powerful, but gaining steadily, always our friends, and sure to make the true view of pending questions predominate in England *in the end*.

"I do not of course forget the leaders, BRIGHT, FORSTER, CAIRNES, MILL, SMITH, and others, a band of choice spirits worthy of all praise and admiration; but they are too small in numbers to form a class.

"The question to be considered is what practical advantage is to be gained by raising a new discussion in the press upon the *Alabama* claims just now. Is it to enlighten the English (any one or all these four classes), or to move their consciences, or to touch their fears? Classes Nos. 1, 2, and 4 understand matters perfectly—No. 3 very imperfectly, but *we* can not enlighten it. Classes Nos. 1, 2, and 3 either have no conscience about the matter to be roused, or are determined to stifle it. No. 4 is openly with us.

"Again class No. 1 is desirous to keep all quiet, and settle pending questions as soon as it can see the way to do so.

"No. 2 would be glad of a new chance to ask No. 3 if any thing can make *him* afraid.

"No. 3 is sure to reply 'No,' and to shut his eyes and lower his head for a charge.

"Look at Mr. T. BARING'S speech, and at Mr. COBDEN'S. They explain all the risks of the course pursued most clearly, and ask only that some slight concession should be made; but the reply was, 'It will never do to act under dictation,' and that when, as was well known, we were too weak to make even a pretense at dictation; *now* we are strong, and the English will be still more jealous about dictation. Neither BARING nor COBDEN said a word about the right and wrong of the matter. They knew their audience.

"I am afraid that the wrong committed is too great to be settled *speedily* otherwise than by war. In the course of time new men will come forward; the working people will gain in influence; the hatred of the great Democracy will be converted, in a measure, into admiration; and the English leaders may be brought to the admission that their predecessors did injustice knowingly. But *now* no such admission can be obtained excepting by a very successful war.

"The writer of the introduction says that the English people *ought* 'to desire that arbitrators properly chosen should decide that they were in the wrong, and had acted contrary to the comity and law of nations.' This may be true; but in my opinion there is no body of Englishmen (out of class No. 4) which desires this, however clear it may be that they were in the wrong. None but the most generous natures acknowledge a wrong willfully committed. On the contrary, the greater the wrong the more strenuously it is denied. Not only do they not wish to admit or have it decided that they have done wrong, but they would not allow any question to go before arbitrators involving, even indirectly, their good faith and right intentions. The most liberal Englishman would probably answer our appeal somewhat thus:

"'There are two questions perfectly distinct, which, however, the Americans are constantly confounding, viz.:

"'1st. Whether, in granting the Southerners belligerent rights, a breach of international law was committed by us?

"'2d. Whether, having assumed the position of neutrals, we maintained it as well as we could under existing circumstances?

"'The first of these questions *might*, no doubt, be left to a jury of continental lawyers, though such a question has never yet been left to arbitration. *But we do not understand that the Americans propose this.*

"'The second question we have already agreed to leave to arbitration, and thereby admitted that we may have been guilty of laches. We might vary the form of the arbitration a little, no doubt, to suit the American humor; but if that is desired they must give up prating about our bad intentions. As to our friendly or unfriendly *feelings*, that may be a subject for the newspapers, but can not enter into diplomacy, and we will wage war twenty years rather than leave the question of our Honor to arbitration. The Law and the Damages are the only questions the nation can discuss.'

"What answer could we make without falling back upon what we call the moral and they call the sentimental view of the case? and what but a widening of the breach can result from dwelling on this painful subject?"

It seems to us that it may be fairly urged against this view that the British Government are conscious that they have made fatal precedents which must be annulled before England is again at war; and that they will therefore not object to any discussion which will tend to enlighten the class spoken of as No. 3. And certainly one important point gained will be to enable that class to know just what the public feeling in this country is, and the reasons of that opinion.

NOTES.

A LATE telegram from Paris states that "the court of Rome has decided to forbid the clergy of Spain from taking the oath to the new Constitution." This is as if we should have read during the rebellion that the court of Rome had required its clergy in the United States to take the oath to the Confederacy. Such a claim would not always be allowed, but if it were supported by degradation from the priestly office, it would at least be troublesome. In the bald form reported by the telegraph it is the old claim of the Church to absolve political allegiance, of which we lately spoke. But even this was never fully acknowledged. Even in the time of ELIZABETH, when the war between Spain and England was really a religious war, and the Pope was one of the busiest enemies of England, there were plenty of English Catholics who were more English than Catholic. Lord EFFINGHAM, who commanded the English fleet to resist the Spanish Armada, which was to subdue England to the Pope and the Catholic King of Spain, was of the Roman Catholic family of HOWARD, although himself a Protestant. If all the Roman Catholic Englishmen had adopted the extreme view and taken up arms for Spain and the Pope, history might have taken another turn. If the telegram of the order to the Spanish clergy be authentic, it suggests nothing so much as the superannuated dogs that every traveler in Italy remembers, which have lost both teeth and voice, but which go through all the motions of vicious barking. In Spain, meanwhile, General PRIM states that after a certain time the clergy must take the oath. The clergy refuse, and the Republican journals demand that they be sent to Rome if they persist.

As an effort is making by the "honest Legislature" to abolish the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, nothing could be more timely than the monograph upon "Immigration and the Commissioners of Emigration," by FRIEDRICH KAPP, one of their number. It is a thorough and admirable study, full of information which is not elsewhere accessible, and of details which are indispensable to a complete knowledge of the subject. It shows conclusively of what immense service the present Board has been; and discusses every point suggested in a masterly manner. If the "honest Legislature" could only stop to inform itself on the subjects upon which it legislates, it could do nothing so wise as to read and carefully meditate Mr. KAPP'S little work. But whether the Legislature reads it or not, every intelligent person who does so will see in it precisely those qualities of care and candor in research and statement which we can not afford to spare in this country, and which make us sincerely regret the report that Mr. KAPP is about returning to Germany.

THE third volume of the invaluable "Encyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," the latest work upon which the late Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK was editorially engaged with Dr. STRONG, as his co-laborer, has just been issued. The death of Dr. M'CLINTOCK will not delay the completion of the work, for the material of the whole was mainly prepared before the first volume went to press; and nothing is now needed but revision to add the latest results of investigation as the publication proceeds. The present volume exhausts the letter G, and three or four more will probably complete this most comprehensive and masterly library of reference in the language for the Biblical student.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 11.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was adopted into the alleged cruelty to animals during transportation on railways.—In the House, a resolution was adopted, by a vote of 113 to 55, granting the Representatives' Hall to the colored people of the District for an amendment ratification celebration. Later in the day the resolution was rescinded.

April 12.—In the Senate, the Utah bill was reported from the Committee on Territories, with amendments, making, however, no material changes; new sections are added, making it unlawful for the Mormon authorities to grant divorces; providing that women may sue for and recover compensation for labor and services performed while considered as "spiritual wives;" and for the punishment of advising or countenancing polygamy, even by being present at the "marriage or sealing ceremony."—In the House, a bill was introduced amendatory of the Homestead act, in favor of honorably discharged soldiers.

April 13.—The time of the Senate was principally occupied with the debate on the Georgia bill.—In the House, after several contested election cases had been disposed of, a bill providing for a system of international coinage was reported. Mr. Butler again endeavored, without success, to introduce his Dominican resolution.

April 14.—In the Senate, a bill to authorize the city of Buffalo to construct a tunnel under the Niagara River was passed. The rest of the day was occupied with debate on the Georgia bill.—In the House, the Tariff bill was discussed.

April 15.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to reduce postage rates, which he said he should move as a substitute for the bill abolishing the franking privilege. The bill reduces the postage on a half-ounce letter to one cent, and substitutes for the franking privilege stamped envelopes.—In the House, with the exception of the Deficiency bill, but little business was transacted. The appropriation for the New York Post-office was fixed at $1,000,000.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Canadians are greatly excited by rumors of a Fenian raid from the United States, and troops, both volunteer and regular, at Quebec, Montreal, and London, in the West, are held in readiness to march to the frontier at a moment's notice. The *habeas corpus* act has been suspended throughout the Dominion.

The preparations for the Red River expedition from Canada are pushed forward rapidly. It will consist of 10,000 picked men, a steel battery, a rocket brigade, and 2000 loyal Indians. A steamer is to leave Toronto May 2 with men to work on the military road required for the expedition.

The entire business part of the town of Medina, Ohio, was burned April 15. There was not a fire-engine in the town, or any organized means for extinguishing fires.

An Indian girl, daughter of the chief of the Poliutes tribe in Nevada, writes a very interesting letter to Commissioner Parker, bitterly complaining of the treatment her people have received at the hands of the Government agents while on the Truckee River reservation, and plainly stating their modest wants.

Divers have examined the sunken ship of war *Oneida*, and report the whole stern cut off. The body of Ensign Brown has been recovered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor of France is said to have written a letter on the significance of the *plebiscite*, for the instruction of the people, of which 8,000,000 are to be printed for distribution. The formula of the *plebiscite* will be, it is now reported, in these words: "Do the people desire constitutional reforms in 1870 which assure liberty, placing it under the guarantee of the Emperor and Dynasty?"

The Spanish republican journals demand the separation of Church and State, and that such of the clergy as refuse to take the constitutional oath be sent to Rome. The clergy, who show no disposition to yield, have been allowed five days to take the oath.

The Duke de Montpensier has been tried by a council of war for killing Prince Henri de Bourbon, and sentenced to a month's banishment from Madrid, and to pay $6000 indemnity to the family of his antagonist.

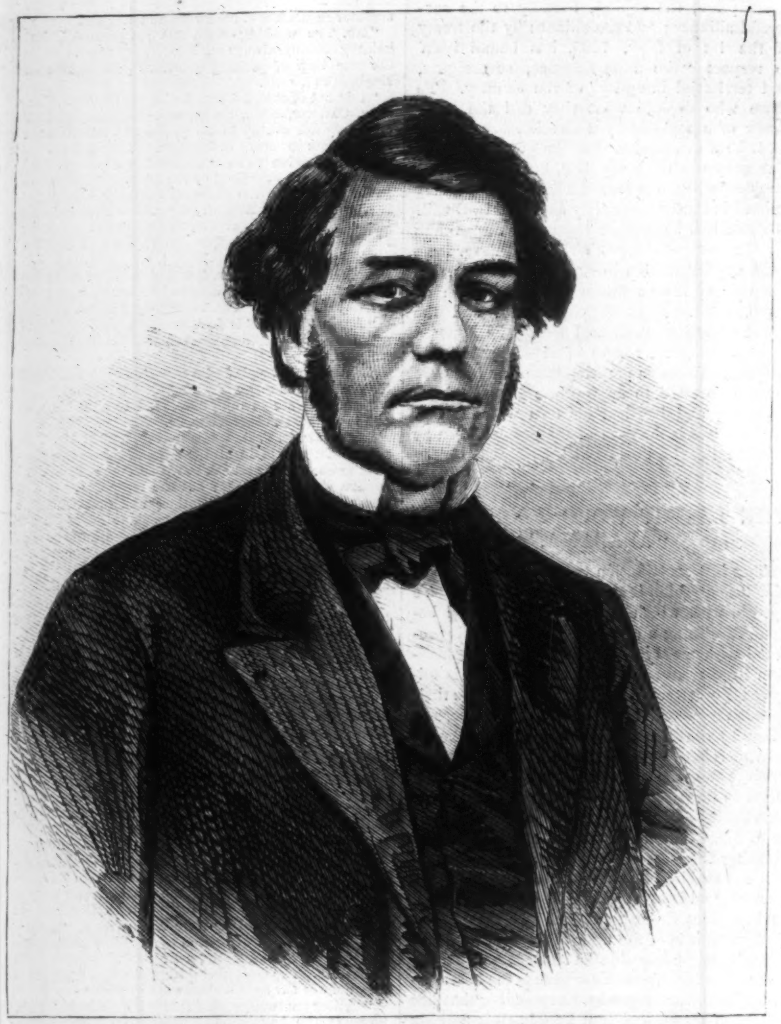
Mr. Gladstone has received letters, signed by two hundred members of the House of Commons, urging the adoption of the ballot.

Apparently authenticated reports from Paraguay bring intelligence of the death of Lopez. He is said to have been killed in an attack made upon his forces on March 1, by the Brazilian General, and with him fell his son Colonel Lopez, the Vice-President of the Republic, F. Sanchez, General Caminas, and several other high officers. His mother, brothers, Mrs. Lynch, four children, and many officers were captured. A movement for a treaty of peace is now reported to be in progress.

BISHOP CALVIN KINGSLEY.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of this country has of late suffered in a remarkable manner from the death of leading members. It is but a short time since we gave obituary notices of Bishop Thompson and Dr. M'Clintock; and a few days since intelligence came from the Old World that Bishop Calvin Kingsley had died of heart-disease at Beirut, Syria. This accomplished scholar and faithful minister was a native of this State, having been born at Amesville, Oneida County, September 8, 1812. He was the eldest of twelve children. While a youth his opportunities for study were limited; but his thirst for knowledge made him superior to circumstances, and he laid the foundation of his education in study by night, and in the intervals of leisure in his working hours. By teaching in country schools he saved enough to defray partially the expenses of a collegiate education; and in 1836 entered Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, whence he graduated with honor in 1841. The same year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in his *Alma Mater*. In 1843 the Pennsylvania Legislature withdrew the appropriation for State colleges, and Professor Kingsley was selected, in connection with others, for the task of raising funds for the endowment of his college, which was successfully prosecuted. In 1843 Professor Kingsley debated with Luther Lee the question of slavery and its connection with the Church, proving himself in the discussion an able argumentative speaker. His speeches upon the anti-slavery side of the question had great weight in the counsels of the Church, and added much to his reputation.

In the years 1844 and 1845, while stationed as preacher at Erie, he reviewed, in two lectures, Professor Bush's work on the Resurrection, and in 1846, returning to Meadville, resigned his Professorship, but on urgent solicitation retained it at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. At the session of the General Conference at Boston in the year 1852, he was at the head of his delegation, and made so favorable an impression, though a comparative stranger, that he received forty votes for Bishop. In 1853 he received the degree of D.D. from Genesee College. In 1856 he was a prominent member of the General Conference and a member of the Committee on Slavery. At this Conference he was chosen editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, succeeding Dr. Elliott in that position. Dr. Kingsley displayed much editorial ability in his connection with this paper, and it became a powerful influence in the West. In 1860 he was chairman of the Slavery Committee in the General Conference, and managed the discussion on that subject with great ability and tact. He was at that time re-elected editor of the *Advocate*, and at the breaking out of the war brought its whole support to the aid of the Government. In 1864 Dr. Kingsley was elected Bishop at the General Conference. In the summer of 1869 he started upon an Episcopal tour around the world. He went by the way of Oregon and California; and, having visited many points in Asia, had in his progress homeward reached Beirut, where he died. He was a man of liberal views, a thorough scholar, an able and successful instructor; and the intelligence of his death was received with general regret throughout the country.



THE LATE BISHOP KINGSLEY.—[Phot. by S. J. & C. W. Hallett, New York.]

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The name of this animal is derived from the Greek word which signifies *river-horse*; but it bears so small a resemblance to man's best servitor that African hunters, despising foreign roots, style them *sea-bulls* and *sea-cows*—names more apt, if not quite as euphonious.

It is generally believed that the behemoth of Scripture was a hippopotamus; at any rate, it is the only existing animal that would appear to answer the description of the sacred writer.

The name is significant of its amphibious nature, considerable diversity of opinion existing as to the length of time its structure admits of its remaining under water; probably ten minutes is the natural limit of endurance deprived of atmospheric air.

The hippopotamus, when on land, is at best no beauty; when full-grown, the male measures twelve feet in length, and as much in circumference, and its legs are so short that the belly nearly touches the ground; its body resembles in shape a hogshead placed lengthwise on four short sticks of timber. The nostrils and ears are placed nearly on the same plane; its eyes are large and prominent, its ears small, sharp, and stiff-looking, and surmounted by a few hairs; its hide rough but bare, an inch thick, and of a dark chocolate-color. The interior of the mouth is one of the most repulsive sights that can well be conceived, being like nothing in the world but a monstrous hole made with a jagged instrument in a mass of salmon's flesh. This unpleasant-looking mouth is garnished with four great tusks that protrude from between, and viciously curl up, the corners of his leathern lips. Ugly and dangerous as the tusks appear, that most vivacious and entertaining of modern travelers, Du Chaillu, says, that after watching for a great many times the movements of the hippopotamus, he became assured that the huge crooked tusks are used and designed chiefly to hook up the long river grasses on which these animals feed. He has seen them descend to the bottom, remain a few minutes, and reappear with these tusks strung with grass, which was then leisurely chewed up. They make the whitest of all ivory, and on that account are in demand by dentists. It is not improbable, therefore, that some long since defunct sea-bull is yet aiding in the destruction of *paté de foie gras* and other dainties unknown to his own capacious stomach, the extent of which may be conceived when it is asserted that five to six bushels of half-masticated vegetables have been removed from the intestines of one of these animals.

One of the hippopotami in our engraving has had the honor of a biography by Alexandre Dumas the elder. He was secured in the waters of the Upper Nile, having been taken from his mother by the Cæsarean operation; he proved a troublesome infant, for his appetite was enor-

SPRING FARM WORK—GRAFTING.—[From a Drawing by Winslow Homer.]

HIPPOPOTAMI IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES AT PARIS.

mous; when only fifteen days old he required daily the milk of fifteen goats or of six cows to satisfy him, which nourishment he obtained by sucking a goat-skin made into a nursing-bottle—but then he weighed at birth nearly two hundred pounds. His appetite grew with his growth; when a month old the yield of thirty goats or twelve cows barely sufficed to keep him alive; however, he reached Cairo and eventually France, where he received a not over-generous welcome, as a female, not male, was required and expected at the Jardin des Plantes.

The gentleman who had acted as his guardian for the first six months of his babyhood, having absented himself for some twelve weeks, paid his protégé a visit when he was nine months old, and attracted his attention by calling him by his Arabic name, when immediately he rose to the surface of the water-tank, exhibiting the most intense satisfaction at meeting his foster-father once more, giving vent to his joy in grunts resembling those of fifty porkers. So Alexander Dumas writes; but then Dumas is a professed teller of stories.

The hippopotamus, as seen in captivity, although not beautiful, appears a quiet, inoffensive animal, and as such he was formerly described by naturalists; but modern travelers have many stories to relate of unprovoked attacks on men; and the natives of the country in which they are found certainly hold them in great dread.

Their jaws are extremely powerful, and, according to Ray, are hung as are those of the crocodile, viz.: the upper jaw as well as the lower being movable.

They are very cunning and sagacious, and Providence has gifted them with eyes which can be protruded or withdrawn at the will of the animal, commanding a very wide area. Pliny tells us that "the cunning and dexterity of this beast is so great that he will walk backward in order to mislead his enemy." Of course this is not true; but they are wonderfully keen in scenting a trap, and will pause at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, grunt knowingly, and walk round it. The "spoor" of a man discovered in their regular paths is enough to rouse the suspicions of all the mother hippopotami of

the neighborhood, and, taking their young ones, they emigrate, several miles sometimes, to safer quarters.

The researches of geologists have proved that in the earlier ages the hippopotamus was common to Europe and Asia; it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally, as it inhabits no river falling into the Mediterranean, with the exception of the Nile.

Hippopotami are commonly seen in families of from ten to thirty, and in certain districts, particularly Nubia, are a terrible plague to the native farmer, by nightly prowls through the grain fields, eating enormous quantities, and spoiling more by the tread of their great feet. These animals rarely take to the dry land in the day-time, so the natives usually hunt them in what appears to be their more congenial element, and kill them with a peculiarly shaped harpoon; using an ingeniously constructed raft or floating *blind* made of reeds, under cover of which they approach to within striking distance of the shy brutes. This manner of hunting is comparatively safe, for, on account of the great size, buoyancy, and elasticity of the raft, the animal, however wickedly inclined, can neither "board" nor capsize it; but when one pursues him, as is sometimes done, in a canoe, the peril is very considerable, the wounded animal sometimes attacking the frail craft, which is instantly upset, and seizing one or other of the crew with a single grasp of his horrid jaws, either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

White settlers and sportsmen usually shoot them from the shore; but this comparatively, or indeed quite, safe plan is accompanied by the drawback that the hippopotamus when killed outright usually sinks, and then the stream must be watched for the carcass to reappear on the surface, when it can be secured.

Various devices are resorted to by the natives of Southern Africa to destroy these animals. At times they are entrapped, despite of their caution, in pitfalls; but the most ingenious plan is by means of the downfall, a heavily weighted harpoon, suspended over a frequented hippopotamus path or trail, which is so contrived that the legs of the animal coming in contact with a rope instantly destroy the support of the cunningly poised implement, which, descending, is driven deep into the back of the beast, who, wounded and bloody, rushes with pain and fury to the nearest water, where he soon dies.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is highly esteemed, and with justice, for it is very palatable. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy; the fat is very excellent, and forms a capital substitute for butter.

As civilization advances the hippopotami recede before it; and in a century or two they will be extinct, known only to students of natural history, classed with the mastodons and megatheriums of by-gone ages.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(Continued.)

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

Blanche was the first to break the silence.

"It seems like a fatality," she said. "Perpetual failure! Perpetual disappointment! Are Anne and I doomed never to meet again?"

She looked at her uncle. Sir Patrick showed none of his customary cheerfulness in the face of disaster.

"She has promised to write to Mr. Crum," he said. "And Mr. Crum has promised to let us know when he hears from her. That is the only prospect before us. We must accept it as resignedly as we can."

Blanche wandered out listlessly among the flowers in the conservatory. Sir Patrick made no secret of the impression produced upon him by Mr. Crum's letter, when he and Arnold were left alone.

"There is no denying," he said, "that matters have taken a very serious turn. My plans and calculations are all thrown out. It is impossible to foresee what new mischief may not come of it, if those two women meet; or what desperate act Delamayn may not commit, if he finds himself driven to the wall. As things are, I own frankly I don't know what to do next. A great light of the Presbyterian Church," he added, with a momentary outbreak of his whimsical humor, "once declared, in my hearing, that the invention of printing was nothing more or less than a proof of the intellectual activity of the Devil. Upon my honor, I feel for the first time in my life inclined to agree with him."

He mechanically took up the Glasgow journal, which Arnold had laid aside, while he spoke.

"What's this!" he exclaimed, as a name caught his eye in the first line of the newspaper at which he happened to look. "Mrs. Glenarm again! Are they turning the iron-master's widow into a public character?"

There the name of the widow was, unquestionably; figuring for the second time in type, in a letter of the gossiping sort, supplied by an "Occasional Correspondent," and distinguished by the title of "Sayings and Doings in the North." After tattling pleasantly of the prospects of the shooting season, of the fashions from Paris, of an accident to a tourist, and of a scandal in the Scottish Kirk, the writer proceeded to the narrative of a case of interest, relating to a marriage in the sphere known (in the language of footmen) as the sphere of "high life."

Considerable sensation (the correspondent announced) had been caused in Perth and its neighborhood, by the exposure of an anonymous attempt at extortion, of which a lady of distinction had lately been made the object. As her name had already been publicly mentioned in an application to the magistrates, there could be no impropriety in stating that the lady in question was Mrs. Glenarm—whose approaching union with the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn was alluded to in another column of the journal.

Mrs. Glenarm had, it appeared, received an anonymous letter, on the first day of her arrival as guest at the house of a friend, residing in the neighborhood of Perth. The letter warned her that there was an obstacle, of which she was herself probably not aware, in the way of her projected marriage with Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. That gentleman had seriously compromised himself with another lady; and the lady would oppose his marriage to Mrs. Glenarm, with proof in writing to produce in support of her claim. The proof was contained in two letters exchanged between the parties, and signed by their names; and the correspondence was placed at Mrs. Glenarm's disposal, on two conditions, as follows:

First, that she should offer a sufficiently liberal price to induce the present possessor of the letters to part with them. Secondly, that she should consent to adopt such a method of paying the money as should satisfy the person that he was in no danger of finding himself brought within reach of the law. The answer to these two proposals was directed to be made through the medium of an advertisement in the local newspaper—distinguished by this address, "To a Friend in the Dark."

Certain turns of expression, and one or two mistakes in spelling, pointed to this insolent letter as being, in all probability, the production of a Scotchman, in the lower ranks of life. Mrs. Glenarm had at once shown it to her nearest relative, Captain Newenden. The captain had sought legal advice in Perth. It had been decided, after due consideration, to insert the advertisement demanded, and to take measures to entrap the writer of the letter into revealing himself—without, it is needless to add, allowing the fellow really to profit by his attempted act of extortion.

The cunning of the "Friend in the Dark" (whoever he might be) had, on trying the proposed experiment, proved to be more than a match for the lawyers. He had successfully eluded not only the snare first set for him, but others subsequently laid. A second, and a third, anonymous letter, one more impudent than the other, had been received by Mrs. Glenarm, assuring that lady and the friends who were acting for her, that they were only wasting time, and raising the price which would be asked for the correspondence, by the course they were taking. Captain Newenden had thereupon, in default of knowing what other course to pursue, appealed publicly to the city magistrates; and a reward had been offered, under the sanction of the municipal authorities, for the discovery of the man. This proceeding also having proved quite fruitless, it was understood that the captain had arranged, with the concurrence of his English solicitors, to place the matter in the hands of an experienced officer of the London police.

Here, so far as the newspaper correspondent was aware, the affair rested for the present.

It was only necessary to add, that Mrs. Glenarm had left the neighborhood of Perth, in order to escape further annoyance; and had placed herself under the protection of friends in another part of the county. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, whose fair fame had been assailed (it was needless, the correspondent added in parenthesis, to say how groundlessly), was understood to have expressed, not only the indignation natural under the circumstances, but also his extreme regret at not finding himself in a position to aid Captain Newenden's efforts to bring the anonymous slanderer to justice. The honorable gentleman was, as the sporting public were well aware, then in course of strict training for his forthcoming appearance at the Fulham Foot-Race. So important was it considered that his mind should not be harassed by annoyances, in his present responsible position, that his trainer and his principal backers had thought it desirable to hasten his removal to the neighborhood of Fulham—where the exercises which were to prepare him for the race were now being continued on the spot.

"The mystery seems to thicken," said Arnold.

"Quite the contrary," returned Sir Patrick, briskly. "The mystery is clearing fast—thanks to the Glasgow newspaper. Miss Silvester has gone to Perth, to recover her correspondence with Geoffrey Delamayn."

"Do you think she would recognize it," said Arnold, pointing to the newspaper, "in the account given of it here?"

"Certainly! And she could hardly fail, in my opinion, to get a step farther than that. Unless I am entirely mistaken, the authorship of the anonymous letters has not mystified *her*."

"How could she guess at that?"

"In this way, as I think. Whatever she may have previously thought, she must suspect, by this time, that the missing correspondence has been stolen, and not lost. Now, there are only two persons whom she can think of, as probably guilty of the theft—Mrs. Inchbare or Bishopriggs. The newspaper description of the style of the anonymous letters declares it to be the style of a Scotchman in the lower ranks of life—in other words, points plainly to Bishopriggs. You see that? Very well. Now suppose she recovers the stolen property. What is likely to happen then? She will be more or less than woman if she doesn't make her way next, provided with her proofs in writing, to Mrs. Glenarm. She may innocently help, or she may innocently frustrate, the end we have in view—either way, our course is clear before us again. Our interest in communicating with Miss Silvester remains precisely the same interest that it was before we received the Glasgow newspaper. I propose to wait till Sunday, on the chance that Mr. Crum may write again. If we don't hear from him, I shall start for Scotland on Monday morning, and take my chance of finding my way to Miss Silvester, through Mrs. Glenarm."

"Leaving me behind?"

"Leaving you behind. Somebody must stay with Blanche. After having only been a fortnight married, must I remind you of that?"

"Don't you think Mr. Crum will write before Monday?"

"It will be such a fortunate circumstance for us, if he does write, that I don't venture to anticipate it."

"You are down on our luck, Sir."

"I detest slang, Arnold. But slang, I own, expresses my state of mind, in this instance, with an accuracy which almost reconciles me to the use of it—for once in a way."

"Every body's luck turns sooner or later," persisted Arnold. "I can't help thinking *our* luck is on the turn at last. Would you mind taking a bet, Sir Patrick?"

"Apply at the stables. I leave betting, as I leave cleaning the horses, to my groom."

With that crabbed answer he closed the conversation for the day.

The hours passed, and time brought the post again in due course—and the post decided in Arnold's favor! Sir Patrick's want of confidence in the favoring patronage of Fortune was practically rebuked by the arrival of a second letter from the Glasgow lawyer on the next day.

"I have the pleasure of announcing" (Mr. Crum wrote) "that I have heard from Miss Silvester, by the next postal delivery ensuing, after I had dispatched my letter to Ham Farm. She writes, very briefly, to inform me that she has decided on establishing her next place of residence in London. The reason assigned for taking this step—which she certainly did not contemplate when I last saw her—is, that she finds herself approaching the end of her pecuniary resources. Having already decided on adopting, as a means of living, the calling of a concert-singer, she has arranged to place her interests in the hands of an old friend of her late mother (who appears to have belonged also to the musical profession): a dramatic and musical agent long established in the metropolis, and well known to her as a trust-worthy and respectable man. She sends me the name and address of this person—a copy of which you will find on the inclosed slip of paper—in the event of my having occasion to write to her, before she is settled in London. This is the whole substance of her letter. I have only to add, that it does not contain the slightest allusion to the nature of the errand on which she left Glasgow."

Sir Patrick happened to be alone when he opened Mr. Crum's letter.

His first proceeding, after reading it, was to consult the railway time-table hanging in the hall. Having done this, he returned to the library—wrote a short note of inquiry, addressed to the musical agent—and rang the bell.

"Miss Silvester is expected in London, Duncan. I want a discreet person to communicate with her. You are the person."

Duncan bowed. Sir Patrick handed him the note.

"If you start at once you will be in time to catch the train. Go to that address, and inquire for Miss Silvester. If she has arrived, give her my compliments, and say I will have the honor of calling on her (on Mr. Brinkworth's behalf) at the earliest date which she may find it convenient to appoint. Be quick about it—and you will have time to get back before the last train. Have Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth returned from their drive?"

"No, Sir Patrick."

Pending the return of Arnold and Blanche, Sir Patrick looked at Mr. Crum's letter for the second time.

He was not quite satisfied that the pecuniary motive was really the motive at the bottom of Anne's journey south. Remembering that Geoffrey's trainers had removed him to the neighborhood of London, he was inclined to doubt whether some serious quarrel had not taken place between Anne and Mrs. Glenarm—and whether some direct appeal to Geoffrey himself might not be in contemplation as the result. In that event, Sir Patrick's advice and assistance would be placed, without scruple, at Miss Silvester's disposal. By asserting her claim, in opposition to the claim of Mrs. Glenarm, she was also asserting herself to be an unmarried woman, and was thus serving Blanche's interests as well as her own. "I owe it to Blanche to help her," thought Sir Patrick. "And I owe it to myself to bring Geoffrey Delamayn to a day of reckoning if I can."

The barking of the dogs in the yard announced the return of the carriage. Sir Patrick went out to meet Arnold and Blanche at the gate, and tell them the news.

Punctual to the time at which he was expected, the discreet Duncan reappeared with a note from the musical agent.

Miss Silvester had not yet reached London; but she was expected to arrive not later than Tuesday in the ensuing week. The agent had already been favored with her instructions to pay the strictest attention to any commands received from Sir Patrick Lundie. He would take care that Sir Patrick's message should be given to Miss Silvester as soon as she arrived.

At last, then, there was news to be relied on! At last there was a prospect of seeing her! Blanche was radiant with happiness. Arnold was in high spirits for the first time since his return from Baden.

Sir Patrick tried hard to catch the infection of gayety from his young friends; but, to his own surprise, not less than to theirs, the effort proved fruitless. With the tide of events turning decidedly in his favor—relieved of the necessity of taking a doubtful journey to Scotland; assured of obtaining his interview with Anne in a few days' time—he was out of spirits all through the evening.

"Still down on our luck!" exclaimed Arnold, as he and his host finished their last game of billiards, and parted for the night. "Surely, we couldn't wish for a more promising prospect than *our* prospect next week?"

Sir Patrick laid his hand on Arnold's shoulder.

"Let us look indulgently together," he said, in his whimsically-grave way, "at the humiliating spectacle of an old man's folly. I feel, at this moment, Arnold, as if I would give every thing that I possess in the world to have passed over next week, and to be landed safely in the time beyond it."

"But why?"

"There is the folly! I can't tell why. With every reason to be in better spirits than usual, I am unaccountably, irrationally, invincibly depressed. What are we to conclude from that? Am I the object of a supernatural warning of misfortune to come? Or am I the object of a temporary derangement of the functions of the liver? There is the question. Who is to decide it? How contemptible is humanity, Arnold, rightly understood! Give me my candle, and let's hope it's the liver."

EIGHTH SCENE.—THE PANTRY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

ANNE WINS A VICTORY.

On a certain evening in the month of September (at that period of the month when Arnold and Blanche were traveling back from Baden to Ham Farm) an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry—sat alone in the pantry of the Harp of Scotland Inn, Perth, pounding the sugar softly in a glass of whisky-punch. He has hitherto been personally distinguished in these pages as the self-appointed father of Anne Silvester and the humble servant of Blanche at the dance at Swanhaven Lodge. He now dawns on the view in amicable relations with a third lady—and assumes the mystic character of Mrs. Glenarm's "Friend in the Dark."

Arriving in Perth the day after the festivities at Swanhaven, Bishopriggs proceeded to the Harp of Scotland—at which establishment for the reception of travelers he possessed the advantage of being known to the landlord as Mrs. Inchbare's right-hand man, and of standing high on the head-waiter's list of old and intimate friends.

Inquiring for the waiter first by the name of Thomas (otherwise Tammy) Pennyquick, Bishopriggs found his friend in sore distress of body and mind. Contending vainly against the disabling advances of rheumatism, Thomas Pennyquick ruefully contemplated the prospect of being laid up at home by a long illness—with a wife and children to support, and with the emoluments attached to his position passing into the pockets of the first stranger who could be found to occupy his place at the inn.

Hearing this doleful story, Bishopriggs cunningly saw his way to serving his own private interests by performing the part of Thomas Pennyquick's generous and devoted friend.

He forthwith offered to fill the place, without taking the emoluments, of the invalided head-waiter—on the understanding, as a matter of course, that the landlord consented to board and lodge him free of expense at the inn. The landlord having readily accepted this condition, Thomas Pennyquick retired to the bosom of his family. And there was Bishopriggs, doubly secured behind a respectable position and a virtuous action, against all likelihood of suspicion falling on him, as a stranger in Perth—in the event of his correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm being made the object of legal investigation on the part of her friends!

Having opened the campaign in this masterly manner, the same sagacious foresight had distinguished the operations of Bishopriggs throughout.

His correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm was invariably written with the left hand—the writing thus produced defying detection, in all cases, as bearing no resemblance of character whatever to writing produced by persons who habitually use the other hand. A no less far-sighted cunning distinguished his proceedings in answering the advertisements which the lawyers duly inserted in the newspaper. He appointed hours at which he was employed on business-errands for the inn, and places which lay on the way to those errands, for his meetings with Mrs. Glenarm's representatives: a pass-word being determined on, as usual in such cases, by exchanging which the persons concerned could discover each other. However carefully the lawyers might set the snare—whether they had their necessary "witness" disguised as an artist sketching in the neighborhood, or as an old woman selling fruit, or what not—the wary eye of Bishopriggs detected it. He left the pass-word unspoken; he went his way on his errand; he was followed on suspicion; and he was discovered to be only "a respectable person," charged with a message by the landlord of the Harp of Scotland Inn!

To a man intrenched behind such precautions as these, the chance of being detected might well be reckoned among the last of all the chances that could possibly happen.

Discovery was, nevertheless, advancing on Bishopriggs from a quarter which had not been included in his calculations. Anne Silvester was in Perth; forewarned by the newspaper (as Sir Patrick had guessed) that the letters offered to Mrs. Glenarm were the letters between Geoffrey and herself, which she had lost at Craig Fernie, and bent on clearing up the suspicion which pointed to Bishopriggs as the person who was trying to turn the correspondence to pecuniary account. The inquiries made for him, at Anne's request, as soon as she arrived in the town, openly described his name, and his former position as head-waiter at Craig Fernie—and thus led easily to the discovery of him, in his publicly avowed character of Thomas Pennyquick's devoted friend. Toward evening, on the day after she reached Perth, the news came to Anne that Bishopriggs was in service at the inn known as the Harp of Scotland. The landlord of the hotel at which she was staying inquired whether he should send a message for her. She answered, "No, I will take my message myself. All I want is a person to show me the way to the inn."

Secluded in the solitude of the head-waiter's pantry, Bishopriggs sat peacefully melting the sugar in his whisky-punch.

It was the hour of the evening at which a period of tranquillity generally occurred before what was called "the night-business" of the house began. Bishopriggs was accustomed to drink and meditate daily in this interval of repose. He tasted the punch, and smiled contentedly as he set down his glass. The prospect before him looked fairly enough. He had outwitted the lawyers in the preliminary negotiations thus far. All that was needful now was to wait till the terror of a public scandal (sustained by occasional letters from her "Friend in the Dark") had its due effect on Mrs. Glenarm, and hurried her into paying the purchase-money for the correspondence with her own hand. "Let it breed in the brain," he thought, "and the siller will soon come out o' the purse."

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a slovenly maid-servant, with a cotton handkerchief tied round her head, and an uncleaned sauce-pan in her hand.

"Eh, Maister Bishopriggs," cried the girl, "here's a braw young leddy speerin' for ye by yer ain name at the door."

"A leddy?" repeated Bishopriggs, with a look of virtuous disgust. "Ye donnert ne'er-do-weel, do you come to a decent, 'sponsible man like me, wi' sic a Cyprián overture as that? What d'ye tak' me for? Mark Antony that lost the world for love (the mair fule he!)? or Don Jovanny that counted his concubines by hundreds, like the blessed Solomon himself? Awa' wi' ye to yer pots and pans; and bid the wandering Venus that sent ye go spin!"

Before the girl could answer she was gently pulled aside from the doorway, and Bishopriggs, thunder-struck, saw Anne Silvester standing in her place.

"You had better tell the servant I am no stranger to you," said Anne, looking toward the kitchen-maid, who stood in the passage staring at her in stolid amazement.

"My ain sister's child!" cried Bishopriggs, lying with his customary readiness. "Go yer ways, Maggie. The bonny lassie's my ain kith and kin. The tongue o' scandal, I trow, has naething to say against that.—Lord save us and guide us!" he added in another tone, as the girl closed the door on them, "what brings ye here?"

"I have something to say to you. I am not very well; I must wait a little first. Give me a chair."

Bishopriggs obeyed in silence. His one available eye rested on Anne, as he produced the chair, with an uneasy and suspicious attention. "I'm wanting to know one thing," he said. "By what meeraiculous means, young madam, do ye happen to ha' fund yer way to this inn?"

Anne told him how her inquiries had been made, and what the result had been, plainly and frankly. The clouded face of Bishopriggs began to clear again.

"Hech! hech!" he exclaimed, recovering all his native impudence, "I hae had occasion to remark already, to anither leddy than yersel', that it's seemply mairvelous hoo a man's ain gude deeds find him oot in this lower warld o' ours. I hae dune a gude deed by pure Tammy Pennyquick, and here's a' Pairth ringing wi' the report o' it; and Sawmuel Bishopriggs sae weel known that ony stranger has only to ask, and find him. Understand, I beseech ye, that it's no hand o' mine that pets this new feather in my cap. As a gude Calvinist, my saul's clear o' the smallest figment o' belief in Warks. When I look at my ain celeebrity I joost ask, as the Psawmist asked before me, 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' It seems ye've something to say to me," he added, suddenly reverting to the object of Anne's visit. "Is it humanly possible that ye can ha' come a' the way to Pairth for naething but that?"

The expression of suspicion began to show itself again in his face. Concealing as she best might the disgust that he inspired in her, Anne stated her errand in the most direct manner, and in the fewest possible words.

"I have come here to ask you for something," she said.

"Ay? ay? What may it be ye're wanting of me?"

"I want the letter I lost at Craig Fernie."

Even the solidly-founded self-possession of Bishopriggs himself was shaken by the startling directness of that attack on it. His glib tongue was paralyzed for the moment. "I dinna ken what ye're drivin' at," he said, after an interval, with a sullen consciousness that he had been all but tricked into betraying himself.

The change in his manner convinced Anne that she had found in Bishopriggs the person of whom she was in search.

"You have got my letter," she said, sternly insisting on the truth. "And you are trying to turn it to a disgraceful use. I won't allow you to make a market of my private affairs. You have offered a letter of mine for sale to a stranger. I insist on your restoring it to me before I leave this room!"

Bishopriggs hesitated again. His first suspicion that Anne had been privately instructed by Mrs. Glenarm's lawyers returned to his mind as a suspicion confirmed. He felt the vast importance of making a cautious reply.

"I'll no' waste precious time," he said, after a moment's consideration with himself, "in brushing awa' the fawse breath o' scandal, when it passes my way. It blaws to nae purpose, my young leddy, when it blaws on an honest man like me. Fie for shame on ye for saying what ye've joost said—to me that was a fether to ye at Craig Fernie! Wha' set ye on to it? Will it be man or woman that's misca'ed me behind my back?"

Anne took the Glasgow newspaper from the pocket of her traveling cloak, and placed it before him, open at the paragraph which described the act of extortion attempted on Mrs. Glenarm.

"I have found there," she said, "all that I want to know."

"May a' the tribe o' editors, preenters, paper-makers, news-vendors, and the like, bleeze together in the pit o' Tophet!" With this devout aspiration—internally felt, not openly uttered—Bishopriggs put on his spectacles, and read the passage pointed out to him. "I see naething here touching the name o' Sawmuel Bishopriggs, or the matter o' ony loss ye may or may not ha' had at Craig Fernie," he said, when he had done; still defending his position, with a resolution worthy of a better cause.

Anne's pride recoiled at the prospect of prolonging the discussion with him. She rose to her feet, and said her last words.

"I have learned enough by this time," she answered, "to know that the one argument that prevails with you is the argument of money. If money will spare me the hateful necessity of disputing with you—poor as I am, money you shall have. Be silent, if you please. You are personally interested in what I have to say next."

She opened her purse, and took a five-pound note from it.

"If you choose to own the truth, and produce the letter," she resumed, "I will give you this, as your reward for finding, and restoring to me, something that I had lost. If you persist in your present prevarication, I can, and will, make that sheet of note-paper you have stolen from me nothing but waste paper in your hands. You have threatened Mrs. Glenarm with my interference. Suppose I go to Mrs. Glenarm? Suppose I interfere before the week is out? Suppose I have other letters of Mr. Delamayn's in my possession, and produce them to speak for me? What has Mrs. Glenarm to purchase of you *then?* Answer me that!"

The color rose on her pale face. Her eyes, dim and weary when she entered the room, looked him brightly through and through in immeasurable contempt. "Answer me that!" she repeated, with a burst of her old energy which revealed the fire and passion of the woman's nature, not quenched even yet!

If Bishopriggs had a merit, it was a rare merit, as men go, of knowing when he was beaten. If he had an accomplishment, it was the accomplishment of retiring defeated, with all the honors of war.

"Mercy presairve us!" he exclaimed, in the most innocent manner. "Is it even You Yersel' that writ the letter to the man ca'ed Jaffray Delamayn, and got the wee bit answer in pencil, on the blank page? Hoo, in Heeven's name, was I to know *that* was the letter ye were after when ye cam' in here? Did ye ever tell me ye were Anne Silvester, at the hottle? Never ance! Was the puir feckless husband-creature ye had wi' ye at the inn, Jaffray Delamayn? Jaffray wad mak' twa o' him, as my ain eyes ha' seen. Gi' ye back yer letter? My certie! noo I know it *is* yer letter, I'll gi' it back wi' a' the pleasure in life!"

He opened his pocket-book, and took it out, with an alacrity worthy of the honestest man in Christendom—and (more wonderful still) he looked with a perfectly assumed expression of indifference at the five-pound note in Anne's hand.

"Hoot! toot!" he said, "I'm no' that clear in my mind that I'm free to tak' yer money. Eh, weel! weel! I'll een receive it, if ye like, as a bit Memento o' the time when I was o' some sma' sairvice to ye at the hottle. Ye'll no' mind," he added, suddenly returning to business, "writin' me joost a line—in the way o' receipt, ye ken—to clear me o' ony future suspicion in the matter o' the letter?"

Anne threw down the bank-note on the table near which they were standing, and snatched the letter from him.

"You need no receipt," she answered. "There shall be no letter to bear witness against you!"

She lifted her other hand to tear it in pieces. Bishopriggs caught her by both wrists, at the same moment, and held her fast.

"Bide a wee!" he said. "Ye don't get the letter, young madam, without the receipt. It may be a' the same to *you*, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn ance promised ye fair in the by-gone time, or no. But, my certie! it's a matter o' some moment to *me*, that ye've chairged wi' stealin' the letter, and making a market o't, and Lord knows what besides, that I suld hae yer ain acknowledgment for it in black and white. Gi' me my bit receipt—and een do as ye will with yer letter after that!"

Anne's hold of the letter relaxed. She let Bishopriggs repossess himself of it as it dropped on the floor between them, without making an effort to prevent him.

"It may be a' the same to *you*, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn ance promised ye fair in the by-gone time, or no." Those words presented Anne's position before her in a light in which she had not seen it yet. She had truly expressed the loathing that Geoffrey now inspired in her, when she had declared, in her letter to Arnold, that, even if he offered her marriage, in atonement for the past, she would rather be what she was than be his wife. It had never occurred to her, until this moment, that others would misinterpret the sensitive pride which had prompted the abandonment of her claim on the man who had ruined her. It had never been brought home to her until now, that if she left him contemptuously to go his own way, and sell himself to the first woman who had money enough to buy him, her conduct would sanction the false conclusion that she was powerless to interfere, because she was married already to another man. The color that had risen in her face vanished, and left it deadly pale again. She began to see that the purpose of her journey to the north was not completed yet.

"I will give you your receipt," she said. "Tell me what to write, and it shall be written."

Bishopriggs dictated the receipt. She wrote and signed it. He put it in his pocket-book with the five-pound note, and handed her the letter in exchange.

"Tear it if ye will," he said. "It matters naething to *me*."

For a moment she hesitated. A sudden shuddering shook her from head to foot—the forewarning, it might be, of the influence which that letter, saved from destruction by a hair's-breadth, was destined to exercise on her life to come. She recovered herself, and folded her cloak closer to her, as if she had felt a passing chill.

"No," she said; "I will keep the letter."

She folded it and put it in the pocket of her dress. Then turned to go—and stopped at the door.

"One thing more," she added. "Do you know Mrs. Glenarm's present address?"

"Ye're no' reely going to Mistress Glenarm?"

"That is no concern of yours. You can answer my question or not, as you please."

"Eh, my leddy! yer temper's no' what it used to be in the auld times at the hottle. Aweel! aweel! ye ha gi'en me yer money, and I'll een gi' ye back gude measure for it, on my side. Mistress Glenarm's awa' in private—incog, as they say—to Jaffray Delamayn's brither at Swanhaven Lodge. Ye may rely on the information, and it's no' that easy to come at either. They've keepit it a secret as they think from a' the warld. Hech! hech! Tammy Pennyquick's youngest but twa is page-boy at the hoose where the leddy's been veesitin', on the outskirts o' Pairth. Keep a secret if ye can frae the pawky ears o' yer domestics in the servants' hall!—Eh! she's aff, without a word at parting!" he exclaimed, as Anne left him without ceremony in the middle of his dissertation on secrets and servants' halls. "I trow I ha' gaen out for wool, and come back shorn," he added, reflecting grimly on the disastrous overthrow of the promising speculation on which he had embarked. "My certie! there was naething left for't, when madam's fingers had grippit me, but to slip through them as cannily as I could. What's Jaffray's marrying, or no' marrying, to do wi' *her?*" he wondered, reverting to the question which Anne had put to him at parting. "And whar's the sense o' her errand, if she's reely bent on finding her way to Mistress Glenarm?"

Whatever the sense of her errand might be, Anne's next proceeding proved that she was really bent on it. After resting two days, she left Perth by the first train in the morning, for Swanhaven Lodge.

ANTIPATHIES.

Some curious instances are on record of the antipathy displayed by individuals toward certain articles of food. Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that even the smell of it threw him into a fever. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk; and Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Philip II. of Spain gave a whimsical reason for his dislike of fish: "They are nothing but elements congealed, or a jelly of water."

Usually the odors of flowers are agreeable; but instances occasionally occur where they exercise a totally different effect. The jonquil and the tuberose are insupportable to some; others can not bear the fragrance of the lilac; even violets, the last flowers to be suspected, have excited the greatest antipathy. Hysterics have been brought on by the marsh-mallow; saffron has been known to produce swooning.

Others have shown aversion to certain animals. Henry III. of France, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled from head to foot at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epernon's path his blood stagnated in his veins. Albert, a brave field-marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground on discovering a sucking-pig served up at his own table. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who could never see an eel without fainting. There is an account of another person who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. A French lady always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. M. De Lanere gives an account of a man who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. The same author was intimate with a very brave officer who was so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he never dared to look at one unless he had a sword in his hand. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that he would rather encounter a lion, provided he had but a weapon in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark.

Two English sailors, who had been left in charge of Dr. Livingstone's steamer at Tette, had a curious method of dealing with the traders there. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid that and no more. If the traders refused to leave the steamer till the price was increased, a chameleon, of which the natives have a mortal dread, was brought out of the cabin; and the moment the natives saw the creature they at once sprang overboard. The chameleon settled every dispute in a twinkling.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

To cure Dyspepsia.—Close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, and then take a long switch, and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats.

Charlie, a bright four-year-old, of Norwich, was in an unamiable mood the other day, and his mother admonished him to look pleasant. But his face continued to wrinkle, till she remarked: "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

A husband two years after marriage met an old friend who congratulated him upon his improved personal appearance, but said, "It seems to me you have grown smaller." "No wonder," was the reply: "ever since I saw you I have been coming down handsomely."

A smart old Western lady, being called into court as witness, grew impatient at the questions put to her, and told the judge that she would quit the stand, for he was "raly one of the most inquisitive old gentlemen she ever seen."

A young gentleman, who has just married a little under-sized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

A Check-ered Experience—That of the railway station men.

A young lady in Galesburg, having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidants, when one of them confronted her with these words: "Never mind, Mollie, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother; "but she wants a whale."

A young gentleman at Wapello, Iowa, sent seventy-five cents to New York recently, for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

A blind mendicant who frequents the Rue St. Honoré has the following announcement affixed to his bosom: "Blind! Father of four children, the result of a terrible accident!"

Pleading at the Bar—Begging for a drink.

A lady occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven, and if letter B says, 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B——, who is to call at half past ten." The porter, a much better boot-black than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women only players." And it may be added, without irreverence to Shakspeare—very poor players, most of them.

A Natural Color—The gray of the evening.

If a girl were to fall into the water, and were unable to sink, why would she partly change her sex?—Because she would be a boy and (buoyant) girl.

FRESH FROM SCHOOL.

Emily (*little sister*). "What a large family the Spinsters must be! I hear in church every Sunday that some of them are going to be married!"

Frances (*elder sister*). "Oh, you little stupid! Don't you know what spinsters are?—Bachelor ladies, of course."

The Round of Domestic Life—A hoop-skirt.

The following anecdote is told of the painter Barrett: His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out. "Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man!" answered the painter, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?" "But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Egad!" said Barrett, "so she could; but I never thought of that."

The Time o' Day.—A lady in the country—the clock having stopped—sent one of the servants out into the garden to see what time it was by the sun-dial. He was town-bred, and sharp enough at most things, but he had not learned this, and so brought the face of the dial indoors that his mistress might tell the time herself.

Pleasant Fits to have—Those of your tailor.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance, on agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or sharp-sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and the man winked, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of stove-pipes, glass-ware, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who." "Why, you, Sir," said Smith. "Who, me?" "Yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me? Hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?" asked Smith. "Winking? Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'Keep dark, and I'll stick somebody in this lot of stuff;' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

No matter how low gold may get, it will never want friends.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

AN AUCTION SALE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 283.]

JACK IN THE BOX.—From a Painting by H. H. Couldery.—[See Page 282.]

A STOLEN VISIT.

When you are wrapt in happy sleep,
I walk about your house by night,
With many a wistful, stealthy peep
At what I've loved by morning light.

Your head is on the pillow laid,
My feet are where your footsteps were;
Your soul to other lands has strayed,
My heart can hear you breathe and stir.

I seat me in your wonted chair,
And ope your book a little space;
I touch the flowers that knew your care,
The mirror that reflects your face.

I kiss the pen that spoke your thought,
The spot whereon you knelt to pray,
The message with your wisdom fraught,
Writ down on paper yesterday,

The garment that you lately wore,
The threshold that your step goes by,
The music that you fingered o'er,
The picture that contents your eye.

Yet when you wake from happy sleep,
And busy here, and busy there,
You take your wonted morning peep
At what is good and what is fair,

"She has been here," you will not say,
My prying face you will not find;
You'll think, "She is a mile away:"
My love hath left no mark behind.

JACK IN THE BOX.

Our illustration on page 281 is engraved from a pleasant little picture by Mr. H. H. Couldery, a young English artist of great promise. It is well composed and excellently drawn. Its chief merit, apart from the spirit and freedom of handling exhibited in all the details of the picture, lies in the character the artist has thrown into the faces of these mischievous little Skye terriers. He has not only made himself acquainted with the droll ways common to puppies in general, but he has mastered the quaint and almost human expression which so peculiarly distinguishes this particular breed. The playful movements of the young of all animals are full of grace or fun, and we all know that the Skye terrier yields to no domestic creature in sagacity. The situation which the painter has provided for the puppies of course essentially helps the genuine humor of the representation. A wardrobe door has been incautiously left open, and the result is before us. Master "Jack" and his partner in mischief have rolled out and broken through a bandbox, and therefrom extracted a bonnet, the veil of which the latter is proceeding to tear; while Jack himself, feeling master of the situation, is content to plant his paws outside the box, and, with head slightly awry and twinkling eyes, to survey the wreck with a comical expression of triumph. A no less happily conceived touch is that of the peering kitten in the back-ground, who, longing to share in the sport, is yet fearful of joining those rougher playmates.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER IX.

A RESOURCE.

The evening of Lord George Segrave's dinner-party was the first occasion on which Cesare de' Barletti had given his wife a glimpse of the brute fury that was latent under his gentle lazy demeanor. They had had quarrels before: lovers' quarrels; in which Cesare had protested against Veronica's cruelty, and Veronica had played off her despotic airs, and they had both been vehement, and demonstrative, and childish. And the end of such quarrels had invariably been to bring back Cesare humbly imploring pardon at the feet of the triumphant beauty.

But never had his looks and tones been such as met her astonished eyes and ears on that miserable evening.

And there was no deep repentance afterward, no humble suing for pardon on his part. He approached her the next morning with a smile and a kiss! and when she drew back in dumb resentment, he merely shrugged his shoulders, lit his cigar, and sauntered off into the stable-yard.

In truth Cesare considered himself to be the injured person. His wife, by her inconceivably absurd temper, had led him into an error, which error had thrown him into a rage. That was no trifle. Cesare was always particularly careful not to fly into a passion if he could avoid it. And his temper was so indolently mild in general that he had no great difficulty in avoiding frequent ebullitions of anger.

To an unaccustomed English eye, indeed, he might have seemed to be in paroxysms of fury on many occasions when his feelings were scarcely stirred. He had the national characteristic of instantly translating slight and superficial emotions into very violent outward expression by means of voice, face, and gesture, and of thus working off excitement at a cheap cost, if the phrase may pass.

But whenever angry motion went beyond the slight and superficial stage with him, it was apt to become very terribly intense indeed, and to assume the form of personal hatred, and a deadly desire of vengeance against the object of it.

To talk to Cesare Barletti about hating a sin but pardoning a sinner, or to use any phrase involving a similar idea, would have appeared to him very much like uttering meaningless jargon.

He never conceived or thought of *any thing* in an abstract form. The unseen—the intangible—had no power over his imagination. Hate a sin, indeed! Why should he hate a sin? Che, che! But he could hate a sinner, or a saint either, if need were—with a relentless animosity of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the bitterness.

On the occasion in question, however, his anger had been merely evanescent. It was all an absurdity and a mistake. What if a man did express his opinion that such and such people were too rigid in their notions to desire to associate with Veronica? Well, so much the worse for such and such people, as he had said to his wife. He had all his life heard about English prudery. There were even persons who objected to play cards and to go to the opera. Was he to distress himself about that? Veronica was Princess Cesare de' Barletti. That was sufficient with persons who knew the world. He would permit no man to insult the Princess Cesare de' Barletti with impunity.

Cesare's quickness of perception was rapidly bringing him to the conviction that it was a far finer thing to be a "prince" in England than in Naples. Veronica, in bestowing her wealth and herself upon him, had not then made an entirely one-sided bargain. The consideration was not an unpleasant one.

He drove over to Hammick Lodge more than once after his first visit to Lord George, and met several guests there, mostly bachelors, and, with few exceptions, active patrons of that noble institution—the Turf. Cesare found these gentlemen pleasant and unaffected; entirely devoid of the insular stiffness which he had kept continually looking for since his arrival in Great Britain, and had found up to the height of his expectation in only one individual—the accomplished Mr. Dickinson.

The "turfy" gentlemen, on their part, found Barletti a charming fellow, and were delighted to make his acquaintance. But the "turfy" gentlemen were greatly disappointed at discovering one singular blemish in Barletti's moral nature; he steadily refused to "speculate" on any coming event whatever, on the extraordinarily naïve plea that he did not understand betting.

"My dear fellow," said one tall, thin gentleman, with a long, sharp chin and dull, fishy eyes, "it's as simple as A, B, C."

"Ah, già!" returned the prince, with much suavity. "But A-a, B-a, C-a is not simple until you have learned it."

Nevertheless, despite this deplorable lack of enterprise on Cesare's part, he was very popular at Hammick Lodge. He played an uncommonly good game at écarté, a very fair one at whist, and that he was no match for his host at billiards did not certainly operate against him in Lord George's good graces.

He had no formal reconciliation with his wife, but the coolness between them—which in fact had only existed on her side—passed away in a day or two.

Cesare never knew how much it cost Veronica to condone his violent behavior, without an expression of the deepest penitence on his part. And his ignorance of the sacrifice her haughty spirit was forced to make rendered that sacrifice, perhaps, a little less difficult than it would otherwise have been. At least there was in his mind no perception of what she deemed a bitter humiliation.

In her loneliness—and she was very lonely; but, as Cesare said, it was she who had desired to come to Shipley, and could he help it if the people would not call on her?—she had recourse to the only human being on whose entire devotion she could rely. She took to writing letters to Mr. Plew.

The letters at first were short; mere notes written with the excuse of asking his advice upon this or that trifling point of regimen. She would follow his advice. She had been thinking over it, and she really believed that exercise would be good for her. Could he not come to see her? Why had he not been? The first note brought, not Mr. Plew, but a brief professional recapitulation of the points he had urged upon her consideration. In the second note, she asked again why he had not been to see her. Was it true, as had been whispered to her, that the attractions of a certain meek *dove* had succeeded in engrossing him altogether? No sooner had she dispatched this note than she wished to recall it. She was ashamed of it. It was too familiar—too condescending.

The answer to it, however, contained no allusion to her hint; neither denial nor confirmation. It merely stated that Mr. Plew would willingly go over to Shipley Magna if he could be of real service to her; but that, unless she had need of his presence, he must refrain from doing so. His mother was ill, and required all the care and attention he could give her.

This reply of the surgeon reached Veronica on a rainy afternoon. She was dull and dispirited. Her husband was at Hammick. The quiet sorrow in the tone of Mr. Plew's letter chimed in with Veronica's mood at the moment of receiving it. A few slow tears trickled down her cheeks as she sat with her head leaning on her hand, looking down on the note. She *must* have some sympathy! She must dissipate somewhat of the weight of sadness that oppressed her soul, by confiding to another human heart a few, at least, of her sorrows.

She sat down to write to Mr. Plew. As she wrote on, the half revelations she had intended became whole revelations. She found a relief in the depiction of her feelings—even in that of her faults. She would rather speak evil of herself than not speak of herself at all. She poured forth her complaints and her disappointments without reserve.

Here was one who would listen patiently, who would sympathize sincerely, who would feel her sorrows as his own. Here was a heart that might be trusted to beat faithfully, let it ache as it would. His judgment might condemn her, but his feelings would take her part. He might preach, warn, reprove her even, but the reproof would have no sting. She could accept such reproof, she could embrace it, for she would know that it came out of the depth of a great love. He would ask nothing, he would expect nothing, he would resent nothing. He could thrust himself aside with a sublime magnanimity, and think only of her.

So she sent the letter.

"What do you write so often to that man for, Cara Veronica?" asked Cesare, unexpectedly, on the day following that on which her third letter was dispatched.

"So—so often?" she stammered. The question took her by surprise, and she was startled by it.

"Yes; it is often, I think. Two letters in one week. This lying on the table"—and Cesare took up a pink envelope sealed and directed—"is the second that I *know of*."

"It is kind of you not to recollect that I told you I had consulted Mr. Plew about my nervous headaches! I write to him partly about them; and, besides, he is one of my oldest and most intimate friends. I have known him from a child."

"Ah, Benissimo!" replied Cesare, carelessly. And the next minute he seemed to have forgotten the whole affair.

But when, in the course of two more days, a reply arrived from Mr. Plew, Cesare, playing with the Spitz dog in one corner of the sofa, watched his wife when the letter was delivered to her—watched her while she opened it and began to read it, and finally asked, "Is the letter from our good papa, il reverendissimo Signor Vicario?"

"No; it is from Mr. Plew."

The instant directness of the answer seemed a little unexpected by him. He looked up at her for an instant, and then began to stroke the dog in a more caressing way than he had used before.

"Where are you going, dearest?" he asked, presently.

"To my own room."

"To read your letter in peace? May I see it?"

"See it? See this letter?"

"Yes; is it indiscreet?" he asked, showing his white teeth in a smile that flashed for a second and was gone.

For a scarcely perceptible space of time Veronica hesitated. Then she tossed him the letter disdainfully.

"You are as curious as a baby!" she said.

He took the letter and pored over it gravely. Then he brought it back to her and kissed her hand.

"I can't read it," he said. "What a devil of a writing!"

Veronica had fully reckoned on this inability of Cesare's. Between his imperfect knowledge of English and the cramped characters of Mr. Plew's handwriting, that looked as though it were expressly invented and adopted for the purpose of scrawling the hieroglyphics familiar to our eyes in doctors' prescriptions, she had been tolerably sure that Cesare would fail to glean much information from the letter, let it contain what it might.

"Why should Cesare have wanted to see that letter!" she asked herself when she was alone in her own room. "It must be from the mere suspicious dislike that any thing, however trifling, should pass between me and any one else with which he is not fully acquainted. I have noticed this trait in him lately—only lately. He used not to be so in Italy."

Veronica forgot that in Italy Cesare had been himself her sole possible confidant.

When she had perused Mr. Plew's letter she felt glad that Cesare had been unable to decipher it. There was no word in it which should have made him justly discontented with Mr. Plew; but there were many words which would have roused his anger against his wife.

"The account of your unhappiness cuts me to the heart," he wrote in one place. "I am not at all skillful with my pen, nor able to express what I feel. But I am so sure you are wrong in giving way to these morbid feelings; and yet I pity you so much for having them. I had hoped that you were at last happy and contented. God knows that there is nothing I would not give to see you so."

And again: "I am solemnly certain that your first duty now is to try to gain your husband's whole confidence and affection. Remember you chose him freely, and he loved you when there was no one else, whom you knew of, to love you!"

And once more: "I wish I was clever and could write like you. But I can not. I can only beg and beseech you to cast off gloomy and repining thoughts. There is one thing we can all do—try to be useful to others. Think of their sorrows more than your own. Even in my humble way I find that this soothes my pain of mind as nothing else soothes it. And you who are so rich, and so young, and so clever, might do a deal of good. You don't know the suffering there is in the world that a few copper coins would lighten. I feel your confidence in writing to me very much. But I wish for your sake that you would have no secrets from your husband. You ask me to come and see you. I can not just at present. My mother is very ill; and there is an epidemic fever in the parish. My life is not altogether a bed of roses."

Within a week after the receipt of that letter Mrs. Plew was dead. And the Prince and Princess de' Barletti had gone away to London in great haste; for a malignant form of typhus fever was raging in Shipley Magna.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIENDLY TEA-DRINKING.

It was near the end of a very sultry summer day in London—a day in the quite late summer. The people who were able to leave town next week pronounced that the season was over. The people whose business, or interest, or impecuniosity obliged them to linger a while longer, declared that there was so much going on still they positively didn't know how to keep all their engagements.

It was, however, near enough to the period styled by London tradesmen "the fag end of the season" to bring it to pass that Miss Betsy Boyce had no dinner invitation for that day, and no invitation to any later assembly, and that she was consequently drinking tea at about half past seven o'clock in Mr. Lovegrove's house in Bedford Square.

Betsy Boyce was quite free from any vulgar prejudices on the score of fashionable or unfashionable hours. She would drink tea at seven o'clock, or dine at eight, or breakfast at any hour from nine A.M. to two P.M., with perfectly accommodating good-humor.

"It matters very little what you call a meal," she would say. "If you eat between eight and nine o'clock at night, and like to call that dinner, I'm quite content. If you have your real solid dinner at two or three, and your old-fashioned tea at five or six, and like to call that lunch, or kettle-drum, or any thing else, I'm equally content. When one lives in the world one must do as the world does in those matters. I have heard papa say that when he was at Vienna, and knew the old Prince Metternich, he has seen him often at a grand banquet, playing with a plateful of brown bread-and-butter, and tasting nothing else. Well, he ate his wholesome food at a wholesome hour, of course. But he never thought of changing people's manners and customs. No more do I."

Something of this kind she had said in answer to Mrs. Lovegrove's ostentatiously humble apology for inviting her to tea at seven o'clock.

"It is not," said Mrs. Lovegrove, with a kind of virtuous, self-denying severity that would have exasperated any one less genuinely tolerant and good-natured than Betsy Boyce—"it is not that I do not understand the usages of the circles in which you habitually move. It would be strange, bred up as I was at our place in the country, among the élite of our country society—you won't mind my saying that country society is, as a general rule, more exclusive and more rigid on the score of birth than the mixed and ever-varying circles of the metropolis?—it would be strange if I did not understand those usages."

"To be sure," said Miss Boyce, pleasantly. "What good cake this is! Thanks; I *will* have a piece more of it."

"But when I married Mr. Lovegrove I put all that aside at once and forever. I looked my position in the face, and accepted all its conditions."

"And a very comfortable position it is, too, Mrs. Lovegrove. And excessively delighted a good many ladies of my acquaintance would be to jump into such another."

It will be perceived that the acquaintance between Mrs. Lovegrove and Miss Boyce, begun in Mrs. Frost's drawing-room, had advanced toward something like intimacy.

Betsy Boyce was, as she herself declared, eminently a social being. She was just as cheerful and content in the solicitor's house in Bedford Square as at my lord duke's in Carlton Gardens. And while she regaled the lawyer's wife with stories of the Olympian feasts she shared with the gods and goddesses, whose mythology (carefully edited with a view to its meeting the public eye) is contained in Sir Bernard Burke's red volumes, she never offended her hosts by appearing to despise their earthlier hospitality.

Mr. Lovegrove considered Miss Boyce to possess extraordinary spirits and an immense fund of anecdote. Mrs. Lovegrove said she had a pensive pleasure in her conversation, as it reminded her of the old times passed at her papa's place in the country. Augustus asked her serious opinion as to the spread of High-Church doctrine among the aristocracy, and was it true that a certain illustrious person was going over to Rome? Altogether, she was a general favorite with the whole family.

One frequent topic of her conversations with Mrs. Lovegrove was the lamentable state of affairs in the household at Bayswater, as she designated Mr. Frost's residence. Things were going on there from bad to worse; that is, between husband and wife, she meant. Georgina was an old friend of hers, but she must say Georgina was to blame. She was so indifferent to Mr. Frost's comfort, so neglectful of his home, so careless to please him, and so indifferent about displeasing him. She on her side complained of her husband's meanness and parsimony. He grudged her this, and declined to give her that. Which, said Miss Boyce, was certainly odd in a man who had always been so lavishly indulgent a husband.

"Perhaps he has at last been able to see what a fool that woman has been making of herself by her extravagance, and is beginning to turn over a new leaf. Let us hope so! Let us, at least, *try* to hope so!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with all the fervor of charity.

"Georgina tells me," said Miss Boyce, "that there is at times something so strange about her husband, that he seems scarcely in his right mind. Something is preying on him, I fancy. It isn't business troubles, I suppose, eh?" It was fortunate for her acquaintances that Betsy Boyce was good-natured, for she was rarely discreet, and not a little curious.

"What business troubles Mr. Frost may have on his private account I am unable to say," replied Mrs. Lovegrove. "But as to Frost and

Lovegrove, there is no cause for anxiety about them; of that you may be quite assured."

"Ah, then I dare say it is mostly, if not entirely, Georgina's fault. He is desperately fond of her, and she is as hard and cold to him as a block of ice."

"I consider Mrs. Frost's infatuated weakness for his wife to be positively culpable! But what, alas! can one expect from a man totally devoid of religious principles?"

In order to avert the stream of Mrs. Lovegrove's indignation from Sidney Frost—for whom the kindly old maid had a real liking—Miss Boyce changed the subject of discourse.

"Ah, dear me!" she exclaimed, fanning herself, "it is a queer world! Talk of books! I know much stranger stories than ever I saw in a book yet. There's that Princess de' Barletti, for instance. What a career hers has been!"

"Oh, do tell me, Miss Boyce, *is* she received in the highest society? I trust not, for the credit of our aristocracy."

"H'm! Well, I don't know that one more or less would much affect the credit of our aristocracy."

"Eh?"

"However, that's neither here nor there. I believe the fact is she is not much received. She might have been taken up at one time by a certain set. But she is devoured by ambition. She wanted to be as great a lady as the greatest, and to play princess; and that wouldn't do."

"Ambition indeed! pretty ambition!"

"Yes; pretty ambition. But yet—it seems a strange thing to say; but I am not sure there is not a grain of perverted good in it."

"Good? How do you mean?"

"Well, I—I think a woman who would have been downright, frankly bad and unscrupulous, might have had a better chance."

"My *dear* Miss Boyce!"

"Yes; I know it sounds very horrible. But what I mean is this: this young woman can't be contented with the society of flashy folks of doubtful reputation. She might have got that, having money and beauty, and a certain notoriety. But—you may call it pride, or ambition, or whatever you like—the fact remains that she knows there is something higher and better than that sort of thing, and that she aspires to it. She can't be at peace without the good opinion of persons she can respect, and—she will never get it."

"I should think not."

"She will never get it, because she has not strength to make any real sacrifice of her vanity and selfishness. And yet I believe she is eating her heart out with misery and mortification in the midst of all that she paid such a terrible price to gain!"

Mrs. Lovegrove stared at the speaker in surprise. She had never seen such a grave expression on Betsy Boyce's round, rubicund visage. The brisk, lively old lady had gradually fallen into a serious tone as she spoke, and when she ceased there was something like a tear in her eye.

Sarah Lovegrove's heart, although it did not beat with remarkable warmth, was better than her creed. But she repressed a womanly movement of pity by way of asserting the stern purity of her principles, and replied, with elongated upper lip and incisive brevity, "That is the natural result to which such iniquity leads, Miss Boyce."

"Dear me," said Miss Boyce, "I've been making quite a preachment! But it is not altogether my own wisdom that I have been uttering. The fact is that I was yesterday with that sweet creature, Maud Desmond, and she talked to me a little about the vicar's daughter; and when she was out of the room, Mrs. Sheardown talked of her a good deal, and, between the two, I got a pretty clear notion of the state of the case."

"You don't mean to say that Miss Desmond visits her?"

"No, no; their lives are apart altogether. But I do believe that if Veronica needed any thing—if she were sick, for instance—Maud would go to her directly."

"Would Mr. Lockwood allow that?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, with something like a sneer.

"Yes, I think he would. He's not the good fellow I take him for, if he would oppose it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove had not quite forgiven Maud for preferring Hugh to her son. As Maud had not turned out to be an heiress, the thing was the less to be regretted. But to do Mrs. Lovegrove justice, she had been almost as willing to encourage Augustus's penchant before there was any idea of Maud's being wealthy as after. And her maternal vanity had been ruffled by the young lady's cold discouragement of her darling Gus.

Mrs. Lovegrove's character was not malicious at bottom, however, and, after a minute or so, she said, "I do think Miss Desmond is a really good girl."

"Good? She's an angel! And so clever!"

"Indeed? I did not perceive much—a—much solidity of intellect in Miss Desmond, I confess; but she is very young still. However, it was a very proper attention on her part to call on us directly she came to town. Mr. Lovegrove knew her mother well. He is, indeed, in some sort, the young lady's guardian, and he was gratified by her coming."

"Maud Desmond always does the right thing," said Miss Boyce, in serene unconsciousness of Augustus's ill-starred wooing. "It was a good thing that the Sheardowns brought her to town with them on a visit. Very nice people the Sheardowns. I knew them at Shipley. I hear often from that neighborhood, and I fancy the vicarage was no fitting or pleasant place for the girl."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with a strong gleam of curiosity in her gray eyes.

"No, I'm afraid not. Emma Begbie writes to me—there, I've let her name slip out. But you don't know her, and, probably, never will, so it don't much matter. Well, this young lady tells me that the vicar is going to the dogs—that isn't her phrase, but it is her meaning—as fast as he can. He has cut his old friends, and formed low connections. And he doesn't even attend to the duties of his church, but has got a wretched curate, at twopence a year, to do his duty for him, and, in fact, the whole thing is as bad as it can be. He's no fit guardian, and his house is no fit home, for a young girl."

"A—clergyman—of—the—Church—of—England!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with portentous slowness, nodding her head at each word.

"Oh dear, yes! There's no doubt in the world about *that*."

Then the tea-things were cleared away, and presently the Misses Phœbe and Lucy and Dora Lovegrove made some music. And Augustus sang a Latin hymn, accompanying himself; and if the vocal portion of this performance were almost inaudible at the other end of the drawing-room, the piano-forte part was attacked with unsparing vigor. Then Miss Boyce's cab was sent for, and she went home, having passed, as she protested, a very pleasant evening.

AUCTION SALES.

Our illustration on page 280 will be recognized by every New Yorker as a truthful sketch of the scene presented by many of the auction rooms of this metropolis at this season of the year, when families are breaking up for the customary summer residence in the country, or preparing for "moving-day"—the grand annual nuisance to which our citizens are subjected. There is probably no city in the world where the rule of the landlord is more despotic, or more oppressively enforced than in New York. Few tenants, comparatively, keep the same house two years in succession; and almost every change of residence entails changes of carpets, furniture, etc. If the family move into a more elegant or larger house than the one they have been occupying, the style of furnishing must be made to correspond; and if, as is the case with hundreds this year, high rents compel them to take only part of a house, they have superfluous furniture to dispose of. At any rate, some of these causes operate to fill the auction rooms, and give rise to many scenes like the one so faithfully depicted by our artist.

"THE RED PLANET MARS."

Mars stands prominent among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the colors which his disk exhibits. When a telescope of adequate power is turned toward this miniature world, we are struck, in the first place, by the singular brilliancy of the two white spots, which have long since been recognized as "the snowy poles of moonless Mars." They stand out so conspicuously from the rest of the disk, that often, when a mist passes over the surface of the planet, they may be distinctly recognized, like two faint stars, while all the rest of the planet is totally hidden from view.

Next we notice the delicately-tinted border of white light which surrounds the rest of the disk, and forms a sort of frame, within which the true features of the planet's surface are to be recognized. This border is supposed to be due to light cumulus clouds in the Martial atmosphere. Such clouds, if formed like those in our own air, would only become perceptible to us where, through the effect of foreshortening near the edge of the disk, they were crowded together—in appearance—and thus concealed the true surface of the planet from our view. Occasionally they exhibit a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy.

But it is within this boundary that the true colors of Mars are to be seen. The body of the planet, or what may be assumed to be its true surface, is of a ruddy or ochreish tint, here and there somewhat yellowish. There are also to be seen occasionally spots of salmon-colored light, brownish patches, and even black spots of small size. We may not unreasonably look upon all these portions of the planet as consisting of earthy substances, resembling those which constitute our own lands and continents. Next, covering an extent of the disk very little less than that occupied by the ruddy regions, we have spaces which some observers consider to be green, while to others they appear of an indigo-gray or neutral color. Like the red parts, the grayish or greenish spaces are not uniformly dark. In some places they are so faintly tinted as to appear almost white; in others they seem tinged with a purplish hue. We can not doubt that these portions are in reality seas, and not fresh-water seas, but seas like our own, colored by the salts which they contain. The varieties of color correspond, indeed, quite closely with those observed in our own oceans, from the light green hues of the polar seas to that strange, deep hue which Homer has described as "wine-colored."

A French astronomer was led, by the singular contrasts of color observable on Mars, to form a very strange theory respecting the physical conditions which prevail upon his surface. Noticing that the ruddy tints always appear most clearly during the Martial summer, he came to the conclusion that vegetation is of a different nature on Mars than on our own earth. In place of green leaves the trees on that distant world put forth red leaves, he argued; as spring progresses, the fields recover from the effects of the long Martial winter, but in place of what we term verdure they are clothed with rubescence. If this theory be true, the Martial poets might say of spring, more truthfully than our own have do e, that

> "She cometh, blushing lik a maid."

But we have no great reason fc supposing that the theory is true. Certainly ur earth would not appear green if her continents could be viewed from afar off, as we see Mars. Nay, even our forests, supposing them large enough to be separately visible, would scarcely exhibit a discernible green tint. A very eminent landscape-painter used to deride the notion that trees are green; "leaves are green, if you will," he used to say; "but trees—they are any color but green; black, white, yellow, red, but never green." And, making allowance for the requirements of paradox, the assertion is not far from the truth. No one ever saw out of a picture-book, and that a bad one, a really green forest. And, by parity of reasoning, we may assume that if vegetation on Mars were red, yet, seen in large masses, the red tints would be lost.

The fact seems to be that we have a reasonable explanation of the ruddy tint of the Martial continents in the fact that the principal part of the soil of the planet resembles those red and ochreish soils which appear in various parts of our own earth. A geologist may suppose, if he will, that the Martialists are passing through the old red sandstone period; and possibly some thousands of years hence observers of Mars may see with wonder the signs of a soil wholly different from that now visible to us.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

All the independent newspapers in France express their astonishment at the result of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte. His friends advise him to keep away from Paris until the storm of indignation blows over. Yet he is not one who is likely to hide himself for any such reason. On the day of the acquittal an immense crowd had gathered outside of the court-house, eager to see the Prince, who, on his release, was expected to go to the Hôtel de l'Univers, nearly opposite, where his wife and family awaited him. The crowd was quiet, yet scattered all through it were gens d'armes, sergents de ville, and Corsican body-guards. Wonderfully patient were the people—never stirring all through the day, until at last, about four o'clock, there was a sudden rush. A low carriage, with all the windows up, slowly forced its way through the multitude, the gens d'armes closing in its rear all along the way from the prison to the hotel. There was a feeble attempt at cheering by the Corsicans, but it met with no general response from the by-standers. On entering the hotel, however, friends of the Prince were awaiting his arrival, and tendered warm congratulations to him on the happy result of the trial. A rumor was circulated in Paris that Prince Pierre would be requested by the Emperor to quit France for an indefinite period, and many of the newspapers gave the report full credit.

The University of Vienna has taken a progressive step in deciding to open its medical lectures to women, and confer medical diplomas on them.

A singular story is told of a man in Fall River, Massachusetts, who in December last, while eating a piece of bread at breakfast, felt something sharp, which subsequently proved to be a needle, in his throat. It lodged cross-wise, but was too far down to be seen. After three or four days it worked into the left side and came nearly through the neck, causing a painful abscess. A little above the abscess the needle was so near the surface that it caused the flesh to protrude like a pimple; but the physicians declined to cut to find it, especially as they had some doubt as to the cause. The abscess was subsequently lanced. The needle in the mean time worked back into the side of the throat, and then up under the tongue, causing great swelling and pain. A week or two ago it was discovered protruding under the tongue, and was extracted. The needle measured one and a quarter inches, and at times during the four months it has caused the man great suffering.

A report has recently been made by the French committee for encouraging hippophagy, which contains some startling figures. The first horse-flesh mart was opened July 9, 1866, and during the remainder of the year 902 steeds were cut up and sold for Paris dining-tables. This would be at the rate of 1800 a year. In 1867 the whole number of victims was 2152; and in 1868 the number increased to 2421. The record for the last year has not yet appeared; but it is evident Parisians are not afraid of feasting on this delicacy.

It is a dreadful state of affairs when members of the same family, especially when husband and wife, get so "put out" that they can't speak peaceably to one another! What then must be the mental state of the Siamese Twins, if, as report says, they have not spoken to each other for a month, owing to a difficulty about receipts!

The French navy has adopted a novel arrangement on board all national vessels—singing is hereafter to be taught on the ships as a regular exercise.

During the recent Carnival festivities an amusing incident occurred in a city on the Rhine. The mayor of the city had ordered that no person should appear in domino dress on the streets. The police had strict orders to arrest every person so found. Unfortunately, the mayor's wife and one of her friends had not heard of the ordinance; they put on dominos, were arrested, and had to pass several hours in the police-station before they were released. The policeman who arrested them showed great zeal in the performance of his duty.

A little fellow, not ten years old, performed a noble deed not long ago, which deserves public record. One morning as the Pacific Express train, Pennsylvania Railroad, was rounding a curve on the mountain-side near Altoona at a rapid rate, a deep precipice being on one hand and high rocks on the other, a small lad was seen ahead waving his hat and tossing his little arms aloft. The train was stopped within a few feet of a mass of rock and dirt upon the track sufficient to have thrown engine and passenger-cars over the precipice. The lad, whose name is Willie Cahko, had seen the fall and hastened to signal the approaching train.

The moths are busy these warm April days; and unless furs and woolen garments are carefully attended to they will be ruined. Every lady has her own special method of packing such articles as are liable to be injured by these destructive creatures. Camphor, pepper, cedar chips, sandal-wood, kerosene, and sundry powders, are used as preservatives. Some use linen wrappings, some merely newspapers. In every case the articles should be thoroughly beaten before being put away, so that if moth-eggs have been already deposited they may be dislodged.

One of Raphael's finest paintings is now on exhibition at the Louvre, and possibly may be purchased by the French government. It is the Virgin and Child, executed for the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua, at Perugia, in 1505. The picture is in an excellent state of preservation, and art critics in France are eager for its purchase; but the price demanded is no less than one million francs.

The free use of tomatoes is condemned by Dr. Dio Lewis, as he is of opinion that they cause bleeding of the gums, loosening of the teeth, and irritation of the membrane of the intestinal canal. The tomato is said to have a direct and specific action upon the liver; and as, by temperament and habits, Americans are predisposed to biliousness, Dr. Lewis thinks a moderate quantity—perhaps a spoonful at a meal—may be very beneficial: but that it is not well to make it a principal dish.

A maiden lady of ninety-three recently appeared in a Massachusetts court to defend herself against an action brought for less than a dozen dollars' worth of labor which had been performed for her. When placed upon the stand she made a clear statement, and, aside from being deaf, seemed to possess all her faculties in a healthy condition, and to be good for many more lawsuits.

A man being brought into court on charge of larceny was asked if guilty of the crime. Turning to the judge, he brusquely replied, "No, Sir, are you?" "Prisoner," said the ruffled magistrate, "don't put on any airs with me, or I'll commit you for contempt of court. I ask you again, are you guilty?" "And I tell you, no!" "But this man says he detected you in the very act of larceny." "Yes, Sir; but I was fooling him." "Fooling him! How do you make that out?" "Just making-believe, as you do sometimes." "Sir, what do you mean?" "Why, the other night, when you were staggering in the street, some folks thought you was tight, but I knew you were only making-believe!" Prisoner discharged.

In one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris a great dry-goods establishment recently held a grand spring opening. The novelty of the occasion was the presentation of a small bouquet of Parma violets to every lady who visited the shop; 25,000 bouquets had been sent from Nice for the purpose. Large bouquets of roses, camellias, and violets bloomed at the entrance; and over the whole establishment, outside beneath its portico, on the pavement, down the street, poured and pushed a number of customers such as few shops have dreamed of in their most golden dreams.

The "Bazar Book of Decorum," which has just been issued in a tasteful form by the Messrs. Harper, says: "The functions of the natural eye and eye-glasses are much abused. It is quite clear that the whole world of fashion has not all of a sudden become so afflicted with short-sightedness as to render the use of artificial means for its relief universally necessary. Nine-tenths of the people, male and female, who are constantly eying the universe and each other through glass, require no other medium than the one provided by Nature. Nothing can be more ill-bred, and we assert it in the face of assenting Fashion, than ogling a stranger in the streets through an eye-glass—'Gorgonizing him all over with a stony British stare, or surveying an opposite neighbor at the theatre with a lorgnette.'"

The other day a man applied to a New York physician to be vaccinated. On examining his arm the doctor found that the operation had been recently performed, and inquired about it. The man replied that he was vaccinated a few weeks ago in Chicago, but that he didn't suppose it was of any account in New York!

It is said that the Irish female domestics in New York city, having been assessed one dollar a month each toward building the Catholic Cathedral, they have, in turn, assessed the amount on their employers. Employers have objected very naturally, and hence there are a good many idle servants in intelligence offices, and a good many ladies in the kitchen.

About five miles from Yonkers, in a rude hut in a secluded nook, lives an old man, who for many years has supported himself by carving canes and toys. According to his own account he was born in Strasbourg in 1793. He was well educated, an artist by profession, and traveled extensively in Europe. Circumstances, however, compelled him to join the army, and he served many years in Algeria. His time having expired he found his friends dead or scattered, and came to America eleven years ago. While frescoing a church in Albany he accidentally lost his footing on the scaffold and fell to the floor, breaking his right leg and arm. He was laid up a long time, and when the wounds had healed had lost the use of his right arm; and no longer able to follow his legitimate occupation, became a beggar. Nine years ago he wandered to his present abode, where he has lived ever since, earning a precarious livelihood by carving wooden canes and toys with his left hand.

The hermit occasionally makes excursions to Yonkers to dispose of his wares and purchase provisions. He is cheerful and talkative when treated with respect. He converses in French, German, and English with fluency.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad-car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

INDIANS SWAPPING WIVES.

OUR BARBARIAN BRETHREN.

OUR Indian fellow-citizens, it is well known, entertain very lax notions respecting the sanctity of the marriage tie—which, in fact, they consider any thing but a tie. The noble red man not only regards his wives as inferiors, but in the light of goods and chattels, and when tired of them trades them off in barter, or swaps them for another's. Our illustration on this page is an accurate sketch of the kind of trade that frequently takes place among them—an old, homely wife swapped for a young and pretty one, and a horse thrown in to boot. The women submit, knowing very well that they can't help themselves.

Our second illustration on this page records a very curious incident that took place recently at Fort Shaw, Montana. The Piegan Indians, being about to sue for peace, as a preliminary step, killed "PETE," one of the principal mur-

AN INDIAN PEACE-OFFERING.

derers of white settlers in that region, and brought his head to General DE TROBRIAND as a pledge of their sincerity. The face of the dead "brave," deeply pitted with small-pox and scarred with wounds, presented a ghastly spectacle when uncovered in the General's presence; but as a token of their desire to cultivate more friendly relations with the whites it was more eloquent than words.

and expediency of such institutions; and it may be that their work might be accomplished without an organization so closely resembling that of the "Sisters of Charity." However this may be, a great amount of real, hard, unobtrusive, self-denying, and beneficent work has been done by these Sisters, especially in the over-crowded population of England, in visiting and nursing the sick, reclaiming the unfortunate, tending and devote themselves especially to this work. Except in a few extreme cases, the orphans are not usually received gratuitously, but the payment required is very small. Many a poor little fatherless and motherless child is thus "brought home," and finds a refuge and shelter under the fostering care and gentle guidance of these devoted women. And besides this systematic tending of orphans, many a sickly and neglected lit-

Charity," and their regulations do not demand the same seclusion from worldly society. The best known institution of the kind in this country is the "House of Mercy," in this city, where hundreds of unfortunate women, who in all probability could not have been reached in any other way, have been reclaimed through the agency of the sisterhood, and the means of earning an honest livelihood placed within their reach.

BROUGHT HOME.

BROUGHT HOME.

IT is only within a few years that the people of England and this country have become familiar with the idea of Protestant sisterhoods, organized to enable charitable women to carry on their philanthropic work among the poor in a systematic and thorough manner. Grave doubts still exist in the public mind as to the necessity

educating orphan children. Our engraving on this page, from a picture by the English artist, MR. A. ACKLAND HUNT, touchingly illustrates the latter department of their labors. To almost every sisterhood in England is attached an orphanage, in which orphan children (generally girls only) are fed, clothed, and taught under the superintendence of the Sisters, there being generally some one or more of their number who

tle one of either sex is from time to time discovered and "brought home" by the Sisters, and taken care of by them till it has in some degree regained health and strength, or till the parents desire its restoration. Both in this country and in England, the "Sisters" adopt a simple costume, in harmony with the unostentatious and self-denying character of their work. Their vows are less rigid than those of the "Sisters of

POLEWARD *VIA* THE GULF STREAM.

THE proposition to equip a new American Arctic expedition is just now exciting a deep interest. The discovery of the North Pole is an object of geographical ambition, unrivaled in its claim of importance and in its charm of romance. For centuries this great pivot of the

globe has defied every effort to approach it; and it has seemed as if the energies of the Frost King had been all employed in building around it a wall of ice not less impassable and impregnable than a wall of fire.

Against this adamantine wall explorers have repeatedly knocked, knocked patiently, knocked violently, and often, to themselves, fatally. The forbidding parapets of this gigantic barrier have been scaled, but never dismantled or pierced by human enginery. As around the bulwarks of some proud old castle, against which the battle surged and many fell, nearly every where around this Polar cordon lie strewn the wrecks of the most sanguine expeditions; and the word "*Arctic*" instantly recalls a thousand grim-visaged horrors and catastrophes.

But what the Persians could not carry by storm at Thermopylæ was won by art. Who that has read the thrilling stories of Arctic narrative has not wondered if this ice-belt encircling the Pole is not at some point open? Is there, then, a gateway to the mysterious axis of the planet? is a question the solution of which engages to-day many minds; and it is in the interests of this problem that the scientific and cosmographical world hope to see the newly-proposed expedition to the Pole approved and fitted out by the Government. Since the days of old Hendrick Hudson and his predecessors to within a few years, no geographer suggested any feasible or plausible method of finding such a gateway, if one exists. Navigators have gone with several years' provisions and stores, prepared and expecting to *guess* their way through the ice, and, after passing through the usual routine of being "frozen in," having their ships drifted on "ice-islands," the crew all down with the "scurvy," etc., they have returned home to enjoy their fame, and the applause of their friends. The cause of geographical science can not afford longer to submit to this heroic trifling. It has become manifest that, if no better routes to the Pole can be found than those attempted by Franklin, Kane, and their successors, the time has arrived for all humane and scientific men to discountenance Arctic voyages, as the mariner would avoid a shoal or the soldier a masked battery.

Within a few years, and since the last Polar expedition from our shores returned to tell the old tale of failure and defeat, a new and most important theory for finding the Pole has been propounded by Captain Silas Bent, the experienced seaman and well-known flag-officer of Commodore Perry's Expedition in the waters of Japan. Captain Bent, with great modesty, but simplicity and force of reasoning, has shown that the Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan—the *Gulf Stream* of the Pacific Ocean—moves through Behring's Straits in majestic volume and with temperature sufficient to thaw the ice of the Polar ocean, and, in all probability, to open a navigable way into the very heart of the great geographical mystery. The Gulf Stream of our ocean, he has likewise shown, moves off the coast of Spitzbergen with a similar mission to produce, in combination with the Kuro Siwo, that unfrozen sea observed by Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition. The suggestion and theory of Captain Bent, based on the most authentic estimates of these two great currents, from the Coast Survey reports of Lieutenant Bache, Maury, and others, and from his own observations under Commodore Perry, have been subjected to the most rigid criticism and scrutiny, and so far, at least, pronounced satisfactory and practical by the scientific men who have reviewed it. Captain Bent proposes the navigation of these Polar waters by the means of thermometrical indications—*i. e.*, following where the water-thermometer shows the sea to be warmest, and hence where the great tropical current is moving toward the Pole. There is nothing simpler than this, and it is believed that an experiment of the "Thermometric Gateway" theory, as the new proposal has been termed, can be made for less than one-half the cost and in half the time required for the old-fashioned journeys to the Arctic. If the thermometric route can be demonstrated, it would possess great advantages over every other ever attempted, because open to the seaman in his ship, and not merely to the foot-traveler capable of Herculean labor and endurance. And the great objection to all these Arctic foot-paths and sledge-tracts is, that they sometimes move under the explorer's feet faster in one direction than he is able to move in the contrary direction, as Parry found off the shores of Spitzbergen when, in 1827, he endeavored to reach the Pole by a journey over the ice.

The proposition has been made by some of our explorers to repeat the experiment of Dr. Kane through Smith's Sound, and to watch the ice in that narrow gorge until it may be dislodged and drift to the south, and then to attempt to find a way into the open sea to the north. Whether this plan be practicable or not it is, perhaps, impossible to say, as no one can judge of the freaks and whims of Polar ice. It may be so accommodating as to move out of the Sound, although the experience of those who have tried it is against such an abandonment or drift. If, however, it should, in any given year, break up in time for a vessel to pass to the north, the return of the vessel would be very uncertain and precarious, especially should she tarry long enough at the Pole to survey its waters and to take scientific observations. The route, if successfully demonstrated through Smith's Sound once or twice or several times, could never become a navigable or commercial highway, and, in all probability, would prove little more than a trap for seamen and enterprising explorers. Such a route could never conduct a vessel into that long-promised passage to the Indies, so ardently hoped for by all the maritime nations of Europe, from the day of the announcement of the successful rounding of Cape Horn by the gallant Magellan.

Not to go into the argument for the new theory, *via* the Gulf Stream or Kuro Siwo, with the aid of the water-thermometer, it may be proper to state that, after mature reflection, Dr. Kane, to whom Captain Bent explained the theory, thought very highly of it, and, in his narrative of the second Grinnell Expedition, so declares himself. The German Expedition of last year found piles of drift-wood twenty feet high on the southern and eastern shore of Spitzbergen; and it has long been a common occurrence for mariners to find weeds and wood from the West Indies on the western coast of Nova Zembla. In 1823, General Sabine, while on a visit to the North Cape, discovered casks which had been washed from the decks of a vessel known to have foundered off Cape Lopez, on the western coast of Africa. The casks had evidently floated on the equatorial current of the Atlantic, which is the chief feeder of the Gulf Stream, and, on the latter, had been transported into the polar basin. But one of the most important confirmations of the views of Captain Bent is found in the facts of the Dutch whale-fisheries in the seventeenth century. The right-whale, the object of commercial enterprise in 1600, was found in immense schools between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla and south of Spitzbergen. The pursuit of them attracted and maintained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, more than 10,000 men, and afterward more. In a little over a century Dutch fishermen, engaged in this lucrative business, made, according to records preserved in Holland, 17,461 voyages. The greed and rapacity of these sailors, early in the eighteenth century, began to be seen in the retreat of the whale into higher and less accessible latitudes, and at no time since has the whaling business equaled its former figures, but has greatly decreased. In the Pacific Ocean, in our day, there has been a great falling off in the gains of fishermen. The annual statistics prepared by the Collector of Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands, show that the commerce of the islands has greatly suffered by this decrease. The number of whaling vessels engaged in the North Pacific for the year 1869 was only 46; while, in 1852, there were 275. The decline in the industry has been brought about by the scarcity of the fish, captains sometimes being forced to go north of Behring's Straits and beyond the limits of their chart before they can obtain a cargo of oil.

The fact is well known that the whale can not live in the warm water of southern or tropical latitudes, and that his respiratory organs require him to come to the surface every few minutes to breathe. Where, then, have the old tribes and families of the whale kingdom gone, on whose blubber the Dutch once fattened and grew rich, and which, only fifteen or twenty years ago, satisfied the avarice of nearly three hundred whalers? That they have retreated into the circumpolar regions is evident; but is it not equally evident that, if this be so, those regions can not be mantled with ice?

But we did not undertake the task of arguing the theory; that has already been done.

The year just elapsed saw the small Norwegian steamer, the *Solid*, sail as far as the Sea of Kara, thence through the Strait of Waigatz and along the coast of Siberia as far as the neighborhood of the White Island, without perceiving the slightest traces of ice. Captain Carlsoun, commanding her, was often in sight of land, which he describes as an immense series of low-lying steppes of great extent, covered over with brushwood and trees of stunted growth, the water near the shores of uniform depth with a muddy bottom, and walrusses and seals every where abundant. The English ship *Samson*, Captain Palliser, followed the same route as the preceding. After having entered the Sea of Kara, however, Captain Palliser turned northward, coasted around Nova Zembla, doubling it, and entered the Sea of Kara again by the Strait of Matoschkin, ice being nowhere visible. The Scotch steamer *Diana*, commanded and owned by M. Lamont, likewise doubled Nova Zembla, having sailed a few degrees to the northward and eastward of its most northern extremity, and reported an open sea in all directions. And M. Nordenskiold, who last year commanded the Swedish expedition which penetrated to the 81st degree of north latitude, calculates that the sea will be open, at least for some months—from the end of January to the middle of September—along the whole Siberian coast and around the shores of Nova Zembla. There is, therefore, every reason for an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the great Polar enterprise, and especially along these thermometeric paths between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, unless an attempt can be made in the yet untried route of the Kuro Siwo. Not to repeat what has been said of the Dutch fishermen in the seventeenth century, a congress of these whalemen met at the Helder in 1773, with the express purpose of comparing notes of their experience as to the best way of reaching the Pole. The deliberations of the congress were conducted by Captain May, an officer of the Dutch service, and, according to his statement, the oldest commanders agreed that they would never seek the Pole to the west of Spitzbergen, but run out to the north from the westward of Nova Zembla, the route advocated by Captain Bent.

It is said that this route can be tested in a few weeks by thermometrical navigation at less hazard of life than by the old routes, and at less than half the expense of any other yet suggested. It seems to be the first proposal for finding the Pole sustained by scientific deduction. If any scheme, having this end in view, is promising, it is the one advanced by Captain Bent, and it is to be hoped that Congress, in making any appropriation to assist in Polar discovery, will provide for a fair and speedy experiment of the "*Thermometric Gateways.*"

THE MEMORY OF ANIMALS.

That the faculty of memory exists in animals, there are many proofs. Bees, according to Huber, who had been fed in the autumn with honey at a particular window, returned in expectant crowds to the same place in the spring, when the window, closed through the winter by an outer shutter, was reopened. The recognition of their own hives, out of a number of others, on returning from their excursions, would appear to be from a remembrance of its situation, rather than from any peculiarity about the individual hive. Swallows, on returning from their winter-quarters in southern latitudes, resume possession of their former summer residence. A horse will almost always be found to preserve an acute recollection of any spot where he has received a fright, however many years may have since elapsed.

We can not just now call to mind where we met, long ago, with a very amusing example of memory in a horse—the charger of the commanding officer of an Indian regiment. He was an exceedingly large and heavy man, and the horse, having a dislike to carrying such a burden, acquired the habit of lying down on the ground whenever the colonel prepared to mount. This, as may be supposed, annoyed him, and, to avoid the ridicule of the soldiers, he parted with the animal, and procured another not so fastidious as to a few stones more or less. We believe it was a year or two—certainly some considerable time—after that the colonel, visiting another station, was invited to review the troops there, and a horse was placed at his service, which, on his attempting to mount, immediately lay down in full view of the assembled regiment. It turned out to be the identical dismissed charger, who had at once recognized his former objectionable owner.

A very interesting anecdote is related by Frederick Cuvier, showing not only great power of memory, but also strong attachment in an animal generally supposed to be destitute of all good qualities—the wolf. A gentleman had trained up one from infancy till he was as tractable as a dog, would follow him about whenever allowed, and become quite low-spirited when he was absent. Being compelled to leave home, his master made him over to the Ménagerie du Roi, where he at first drooped and refused to eat, but gradually became more reconciled to the situation. After the lapse of a year and a half his master returned home and paid him a visit. The wolf knew his voice the moment he spoke, and flew to him with every demonstration of delight and affection, planting his fore-feet on his shoulders and licking his face. The same scene occurred after a second separation of three years' duration, the wolf, as before, at once recognizing his master's voice, and bounding toward him as soon as set at liberty by the keeper. A final parting followed, and from that time the faithful creature never appeared to regain his former spirits and equable temper, occasionally indeed betraying ominous signs of the ferocity inherent in his race.

Stories of elephantine intelligence are numerous, but most of them too well known to repeat. One, however, recorded by a traveler, in a paper contributed to a scientific journal, and which is vouched for from personal knowledge, is worth a brief notice. The author was on a journey, and several elephants were engaged to carry his tent and baggage. One of them, euphoniously named Fâttra Mungul, coming on the scent of a tiger, was seized with a panic and ran off into the woods, the driver saving himself by clinging to the branch of a tree and letting himself down. All attempts to recover the animal were fruitless, and the party proceeded on their way, giving up all idea of seeing him again. Among a herd of wild elephants entrapped eighteen months afterward was found the runaway, who at first was as uproarious and unmanageable as the rest; but on an old hunter who knew him well riding up to him on a tame elephant, pulling him by the ear, and ordering him to lie down, he immediately obeyed the familiar word of command and became perfectly tractable. This writer also mentions a female elephant which escaped from her owner and was at large for *fourteen years.* On being recaptured she remembered her former driver, and instantly lay down at his order.

Locke adduces the learning of tunes as proof that birds are gifted with memory. "It can not," he says, "with any appearance of reason be supposed—much less proved—that birds, without sense and memory, can approach their notes nearer and nearer by degrees to a tune played yesterday, which, if they have no idea of it in their memory, is nowhere, nor can be a pattern for them to imitate, or which any repeated essays can bring them nearer to. Since there is no reason why the sound of a pipe should leave traces in their brains, which not at first, but by their after-endeavors, should produce the like sounds; and why the sounds they make themselves should not make traces which they should follow as well as those of the pipe, is impossible to conceive."

There is no question that many animals understand the measurement of time. It is a well-known fact that, on lands where the crows are habitually shot at, the birds, instead of keeping at a respectful distance, as on the rest of the week, come close up to the farm-houses on Sundays, having somehow found out that the guns are then shelved.

Every one who has traveled much in Scotland, more especially in the Highland districts, must have remarked the large attendance of shepherds' dogs at church on Sundays. The peculiarity is very interesting to English tourists, one of whom states that he was told that many of the dogs were more regular attendants than their masters. This gentleman mentions that, in one parish, the animals, perhaps demoralized by a "black sheep" among their number, became so quarrelsome and unmannerly in their behavior that the minister requested all who had been in the habit of bringing their dogs to confine them to the house before leaving for church. This plan answered exceedingly well for the first Sunday, but, for the future, not a single shepherd or farmer could find his dog on a Sunday morning. They had no notion of being deprived of their accustomed liberty, and, well knowing the hour of service, set off to church without their masters. An attempt was then made to compromise matters, by erecting a large kennel close to the church, where the dogs were imprisoned during public worship, but they kept up such a fearful howling that the congregation was seriously disturbed, and there was no help for it but to restore them to their former rights and privileges.

The Committee of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston upon Lamps and Gas have been on a visit to New York, at the Fifth Ave. Hotel, investigating the new process of lighting street lamps as now adopted in this city by Bartlett's Patent "Instantaneous Gas Lighter" and Improved Key. We understand they were highly pleased with this new and simple method.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Newspaper Statements.

HOW THE PEOPLE TEST THEIR TRUTH.

This is not an age when people believe on trust whatever they see in the public journals. Fifty or sixty years ago, when the accuracy of a statement that had appeared in one of the gazettes or "News Letters" of the day was questioned, it was considered a sufficient answer to all cavil to say, "it must be so, for I read it in the newspaper." It is not so now. Newspaper assertions must be verified before they are taken for granted, and this is especially the case as regards statements setting forth the remedial properties of proprietary medicines. For example: it was not until the tonic and alterative properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters had been deliberately and thoroughly tested by thousands, and found to be in perfect accord with the printed claims put forth in its behalf, that it was accepted by the public at large as

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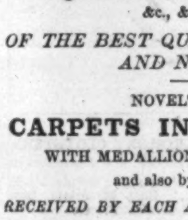

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ANTEROS. (*Omitted from this Number, the Author having failed to furnish Copy in time for publication.*)
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